THE MADRAS

Christian College Magazine.

VOL. XXVII. DECEMBER, 1909. No. 6.

*GOD AND THE WORLD.**

AT the close of his account of the midnight conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus, St. John adds (whether as his own comment, or as a concluding statement from Jesus is not fully apparent) the memorable words which have so generally been accepted as a convenient summary of the Christian Gospel, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." It is not surprising that the verse should have become a favourite text with the Christian preacher, who finds the crowning proof of God's love for the world in the death of Jesus Christ. But it is not in their historic aspect, nor primarily with relation to the Crucifixion, that I would bring the familiar words before you just now. What I desire (in conformity with the title of the lecture) is to emphasise the implications, the presuppositions, as to God and the world of men, which are here involved.

I. In the first place, then, we have to notice the assertion that *God loves the world*. In direct contrast to every statement or suggestion that He is indifferent or hostile to man, there is a definite insistence that God cares. Few assertions in the whole realm of speculation will carry us farther than that. Man's life is a baffling and mysterious thing. Whence came we? and why? Science may display for us the natural history of our generation; but generation itself is a mystery; the origin of this complex being which is ours, with all our faculties, all our limitations, our hopes and fears, griefs and pains, is veiled in darkness. We find

* A lecture given in the Anderson Hall.

ourselves possessed of it; we find action, responsibility, entailed upon us by the possession. Yet we ourselves, who have so much at stake, have had no voice in the matter; our life is thrust upon us, not given by our choice.

Not only has man no control over the origin of his life, he seems to have but an imperfect control over its conduct. Circumstances overmaster him; he cannot do all that he would. Temptation entangles him; he cannot, with any certainty of action, will all that he would. And at every point he is baffled by his own ignorance; even in face of all the triumphs of the science of the centuries, he knows not the whence or the why of his own being. His community with his fellows is largely a common ignorance, a common helplessness. Who can solve another's questionings, or help him to stand secure? Isolation even from his fellows, loneliness in the midst of a universe he cannot understand, seems to be man's portion.

It is not strange that the attitude of thoughtful minds towards these facts should be one of questioning, of revolt. By what right or title are we thus forced into a life we have not sought? Some would remind us of the good things of life which we enjoy—its pleasures and delights; the beauty of the world, the glory of its art, the treasures of love and friendship: these also come to us unsought, why then should we repine? But pleasure has its counterpart in pain; the beautiful and the glorious are balanced by the sordid and degrading; love itself does but add to the poignancy of death and bereavement. So far, pessimism must be our philosophy; tears, our daily food; the one consolation for life, its speedy end. We may well question, with passionate insistence, why are we made to live? Life means trial; life means sorrow; life means shame. Who would choose life, could he escape it? Why then should life be forced upon us?

Others would silence these questionings with the figure of the potter and the clay. We are but men; it is not for us to question the working of Him who creates us and shapes us at His will. But if that is all that can be said, our instinct of revolt is only intensified. If we are but passive clay in the hands of an Almighty Potter, Who fashions us, breaks us, discards us, at His caprice, we make bold to challenge the Almighty: His power, we cannot deny; but we still dispute His right to force such life upon us.

You cannot better judge men's sense of human life than by studying their religion. As they have stretched out their hands

after God, if haply they might find Him; as they have tried to find some stay for their anxious hearts in facing the unknown, how have they conceived of God? Very many think of God as an enemy to human life, one whose delight is to blight and to destroy. To them, the mission of religion is to find some means of appeasing, of binding, or of hoodwinking the Deity, that they may not be consumed. To many more, God is rather the eternal Judge, to whom all must render account, inexorably recording and chastising all our misdeeds. Though not perhaps malignant, He is so far hostile; and if regarded as proof against all blandishments, perfectly just, He is the more to be feared. Many of the more philosophical of our race have pooh-poohed all such views. It is only man's self-importance that pictures God as concerned with his life. Serene, indifferent, unobservant, caring no more for us than for the trees or rocks that He will rend with His storms and blast with His fires, God heeds not the paltry cares of man; and the ritual or prayers by which we would win His favour or His leniency are vain efforts, unnecessary, because they can never be effective.

But over against all these assertions of God's malevolence, vindictiveness, or indifference, we find here the declaration of His love. On any other basis, religion enhances our terror, our affliction; but this view begets hope and joy. If God is neither indifferent nor hostile, the whole of life wears a new complexion. Sorrow, pain, ignorance, even temptation and sin, become tolerable, God cares. It is true that He must be our Judge; and no judgment is more stern than that of love. But "He knows our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." When life is hardest—when the stress of moral conflict, the burden of sorrow, the pain of our own ignorance, press upon us—the faith that God loves us, that He cares for us in all our conflict, transforms the prospect. Life is no longer a nightmare, thrust on us in mockery by a deity too strong for us to gainsay; it is a heritage—dark and inscrutable, yet full of promise—given in a wisdom which we cannot scan, but which we can trust implicitly as the counsel of heavenly love. To such a faith, the image of potter and clay takes a new meaning. Earth's wheel, earth's discipline, may press painfully upon us at times; but we no longer think of the Divine Potter as capricious. He loves the cup He makes, and fashions it in love. Man's soul learns, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, not to mistake its end, to slake

God's thirst. Trusting that Fatherly care we can look up and say—

> So, take and use Thy work:
> Amend what flaws may lurk,
> What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
> My times be in Thy hand!
> Perfect the cup as planned!
> Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

II. In the second place, the form of the statement reminds us of the snares that beset human life. We have life; but in the midst of it we find the sting of death—we are in danger of perishing. The moral choice which confronts every man who sees before him good and evil, right and wrong, who feels the conflict between appetite and conscience, between passion and reason, does not need many words of proof. Hebrew, Greek, and Roman antiquity is eloquent with testimonies to this experience. We try to make the most of life, to seize its joys, and we find in them a snare for the destruction of our souls. The whole vocabulary of social life, the language of praise and blame, testifies to the reality of this experience. The universal conscience of mankind bears witness that the path of sin leads only to destruction. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Think what we mean by such phrases as Mammon-worship, the lust of the flesh, and the Fall. They assure us at once of the attractiveness and of the soul-destroying power of evil. Let a man follow them, seeking life, and death shall be his portion. The myriad forms of asceticism, in every age and country, tell the same tale. They are the answer of frail, but striving, humanity to the snare of life, the heroic resolve of the spirit to win the mastery over the flesh.

It is not simply that certain things, which we should avoid, are destructive. There are many things, which we cannot but desire, which we feel to be lawful, if not commendable; yet if they master a man, they are his ruin. Lust, ambition, greed—what are these but the perversion and excess of legitimate desires? Yet nothing more surely corrodes the soul than lust, ambition, greed. Man is placed, as it were, in a chariot, of which he must needs guide the team. If he can control the steeds, he may drive them whither he will; but let them get out of hand, and they whirl him to destruction. Self-control—self-sacrifice—that these should be the virtues we admire show how deep, how real is the

snare in human life. The whole of the ethics of moderation is an acknowledgment that while appetite may be lawful it is only too likely to plunge us into lawless or ruinous excess.

It is this awful conflict, born of our moral nature, more than anything else, which makes life so hard to bear; more than sorrow and pain, it is the uprising of the ape and tiger within him, which he cannot fully master, to which he dare not submit, that stirs man to resent the imposition of life upon him. So acutely has this been felt that there have not been wanting leaders to bid us die. Life is not to be borne; therefore escape from life. *Nirvāna*—to pass away, to be no more, seems to them the best. It is a sad enough gospel; but it is intelligible. If there is naught but our own ignorance and impotence to look to, so that conflict, defeat and failure, and the death which failure spells, must always be our portion, better indeed to die in earnest, to live no more. Keenly as this may oppose our instinctive desire to live, for man as man it is undeniably cogent.

The Christian Gospel, while recognising as clearly as any the snare of human life, offers a better hope. Nothing could be more emphatic as to the destructive power of sin. But it does not bid us die that we may no longer taste of life, with "the worm, the canker, and the grief" which life seems to bring. It bids us live—live with a new life, a life that deserves the name. Its hope is not blind, ignoring our weakness, our folly, our misery. It builds on the great fact that God loves man. In giving us this present life, He is not unconscious of the snare; but in the conflict His interest is with us; His purpose is to give us life indeed, that we may not be destroyed. He sets man in the chariot; He knows the risk to be run. But Father-like, He will direct and strengthen the faltering hands, that so the swift steeds may bring the charioteer not to destruction and shame, but to the goal of eternal life. In life, our problem is, how to live. If God cares, if God loves us, we can count on Him to teach us. His help will be ours, that we may rightly appropriate that life which is His boon. God loves the world—God gives His Son, that men may not perish, but have eternal life.

III. These two presuppositions, then, that God loves the world, cares for the men whom He has made, and that there is in life a danger of destruction from which we need to be delivered, carry with them necessarily the third point—that God may be counted upon to effect our deliverance; and the method of that

deliverance is here dogmatically stated to be the gift of His only-begotten Son. According to our need, in the way best suited to our need, the God Who loves His world comes to our help—giving to us One Who brings the power of God to bear on the plane of human life—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, tempted in all points like as we are, "short of sin." A man, yet victorious, the Christ brings to us the promise of victory. Our champion in the fight, our example in the way, our stay and upholder in every time of stress, He stands before us as the bearer of God's help, the embodiment and the pledge of God's love. Nor are we to think of God's giving His Son as something momentary, effected once for all at Bethlehem, on Calvary. In all our need, in the thick of our temptations, our problems, our harassing cares, God is continually meeting our need by the continued giving of His Son. We may adapt the words of St. Paul, and ask—He who spares not His own Son, but freely gives Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?

IV. Such is the view of God and the world here set before us. It remains only that we should ask, Have we sufficient reason for believing it to be true? The Christian doctrine is confirmed by Christian experience. Through nineteen centuries, men have found that God is indeed proving His love for men by continually giving to them His Son, Christ Jesus, that they may not perish but have in Him everlasting life. This assurance is rich in its benefits. It satisfies the cravings of the heart for a God to whom we may draw near in faith and hope, a God not simply our Creator and our Judge, but our Saviour, our Father. It calms the mind, by cutting at the root of all those harassing problems which attend the conception of an alien or inscrutable God, and of all those carking cares which spring from the fear of God's indifference. At the same time it transforms conduct, by infusing a new motive for effort in the hope of victory, a new and more penetrating obligation to sanctity in the enthusiasm of filial obedience. It would be idle to pretend that all Christians are perfect; but the world has yet to show a more lovely type of manhood than the finished Christian character. That character is built up from first to last on the Christian faith in God's love.

There are two great considerations which prompt us to believe the truth of the Christian faith. In the first place, it is better than any alternative. This is not said in disparagement of non-Christian creeds. It simply means this: the Christian faith

encourages us to believe in God as our Father, loving each one of us *with that intimate, personal, uplifting regard of which the* truest human fatherhood is a type. No other faith has dared to affirm this. It is quite easy to conceive of a different scheme for the universe, a scheme in which God is not a Father whose will is that men should be His sons; but I cannot conceive of a better scheme, or one more honourable to God. Until a better is forthcoming, we venture to accept as true the best we know. Secondly, this faith is, as we have seen, the foundation of the most beautiful lives we have known, and the fairest human undertakings. It is hard to believe that what is noblest in man's life flows from a source tainted with delusion. Nothing but truth can sustain so fair a fabric. By its own excellence and by the excellence of its fruits, the Fatherhood of God attests itself as true. The final agnosticism, which presumably even a Christian may accept as a philosophic principle, compels us to admit that in this belief we may be mistaken—it may in the end prove that we were deluded in thinking God was the Father of His creatures; but it is a delusion of which we need never be ashamed. The difficulty has been finely met by a distinguished American writer. Concede it as possible that we are mistaken—that at the last we shall find seated on the throne of the universe, not a loving Father, but a mocking fiend: what then? We shall look him in the face, with the words, "We had believed something better of you." And it is not we who would be ashamed.

The final attestation of these truths for each one of us must be his own experience. You are asked to believe that God regards you with a Father's love; that His purpose is to give you as your portion eternal life; and that knowing the frailty of our nature and all the difficulties we have to encounter, He has given to us a deliverer in Jesus Christ His Son, that in body, soul, and spirit we may be more than conquerors, that we may not perish, but for ever live in Him. Put this to the proof; day by day, hour by hour, in temptation, in sorrow, in perplexity, you shall find Christ near you, to strengthen, to chasten, to guide and uplift.

> Speak to Him now, or He heareth;
> Spirit with spirit may meet;
> Closer He is than breathing,
> Nearer than hands and feet.

You will find that this belief bears all the strain you can put

upon it; it is verified, like any other hypothesis, by practical experiment. I never met with a man who fairly tested it, and did not find it true. Surely it is a matter of the highest moment that we should ascertain whether it be true or false; it is not a thing we can set aside as of no importance. It is of incomparable importance for the life of each one of us and for the life of the world.

> The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> 'Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
> 'Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
> 'But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> 'And thou must love me who have died for thee!'

FERRAND E. CORLEY.

MACBETH: THE TRAGEDY OF AMBITION.

I DO not propose to-night to trace out the meaning and substance of Shakespearean tragedy. In previous years lecturing first on *Hamlet* and then on *King Lear* I have attempted to give some answer to the question: What is the tragic fact in life as portrayed for us by Shakespeare in these dramas? The whole result of that inquiry cannot be summed up in a sentence or even in a paragraph. But there are two conclusions to which we were led that I shall repeat by way of preface to my lecture of to-night. In the first place we saw the tremendous and far-reaching importance which Shakespeare ascribes to human action in producing the calamity and devastation of tragedy. Character resulting in action, action springing from character: this we found to be chief of the essential ingredients in Shakespearean tragedy, and this it is that gives to us its supreme interest, not only touching emotions of pity and fear, but also compelling admiration, sympathy, hope and love, or repulsion, horror, dismay and hatred, and leading us finally to a deep comprehension of, almost to an acquiescence in, the flow of calamity that ends in death. But we saw too that this human action plays its part in the midst of a world of reactions, mysterious in their origin, incalculable in their working, uncontrollable in their results. We grew conscious that behind Shakespeare's tragic world there lay a mighty force, which

was too abhorrent of evil to be called a blind fate, too vehement and relentless in its punishment of failing to be called kindly, too overwhelming in its common destruction of struggling, imperfect good and deliberate evil alike to be called just, and yet somehow even in its cruellest destruction so clearly akin to the noblest in the characters of those who suffered under its laws that the feelings of waste and dread were continually transforming themselves to awe and reconciliation—perhaps even to a fearful exultation.

In Hamlet we had a hero, whose ruin arose indeed from a neglect of duty, but that neglect itself was so much the result of the noblest elements in his character that we found ourselves bound to take a much broader view of good and evil, of right and wrong, than a conventional morality would allow in order to reconcile his tragic failure and death with our sense of justice. Lear's whimsical folly and selfish tyranny more obviously deserved some punishment, but even in his case we were unable to assert that he deserved to suffer what he did suffer, and again therefore we were forced to look at life from a broader platform than that of copy-book maxims.

Macbeth is the one tragedy of Shakespeare's—besides the semi-historical play of *Richard III.*—in which the hero is confessedly a villain, and comes to a bad end so completely by reason of his villainy that no question as to the justice of his doom ever disturbs our belief in a moral order. And yet even here with the desire for Macbeth's defeat and destruction, which our sense of righteousness compels, we experience a horrified sympathy with him, that counterbalances all desire for the hero's downfall. Our task to-night will be with the aid of imagination and analysis to realise for ourselves a character that can produce in us at the same time sentiments so far apart as hatred and sympathy, admiration and repulsion.

A preliminary warning is necessary. In approaching great literature of any sort, most certainly in approaching a tragedy of Shakespeare's, we must make some attempt to get rid of our own particular fads and ideas. In our own lives, from our own experiences, from the precepts of teachers and friends, we have each of us collected a mass of thoughts and moralisings on the value and meanings of things which taken together form our respective philosophies. To a much larger extent than we imagine these philosophies are conventional, and determined for us by our heredity, our early teachings, our surroundings. There is a very

real danger when we study great literature, especially that of so universal a mind as Shakespeare's, that we shall gather from it only what we have taken with us to it, that we shall find only our own *ego* reflected in it, that we shall isolate and exaggerate those aspects which appeal to us and ignore that which is strange and new. To a large extent these results are inevitable, for to say that they will happen is only to say that we are ourselves and human, and can only appreciate what we do appreciate. But it seems to me that they may in part at least be avoided if we approach such literature in the same spirit that we should approach religion—that is the spirit of humility and prayer. As was said of the kingdom of Heaven, so may it be said of the kingdom of literature. They only shall enter there, who came to it as little children. It need hardly be said that this spirit by no means divests us of our right and duty of criticism. It alters however the character and method of our criticism, for it will be employed now not to confirm us in our own opinions nor to illustrate our own pet theories, but to find out the innermost meaning of our author and so to learn from him. Adopting this religious attitude, we should, I think rather distrust the guide to a tragedy of Shakespeare who entitled his criticism *Macbeth and Indian Politics*, not because an earnest and thorough study and appreciation of *Macbeth* would not, at least indirectly, help us to a wiser understanding of Indian politics, but because in a work with such a title we should fear to have too little of Shakespeare, and too much of a narrow, peculiar presentation of him distorted to suit a special purpose and a special view of politics.

In short to get the best from him we must go to our author with clean, simple hearts, with undivided souls seeking what *he* has to give us, neither dictating what he shall teach, nor even choosing the subject of his lesson. There is a danger even in the very similes I have taken for use from the class-room : for the ultimate effect of all great literature should be not so much on the reasoning faculties of man as on his moral and spiritual emotions.

Having said so much at such length, I may call *Macbeth* the "Tragedy of Ambition" without fear of being misunderstood to mean more than is meant when *Hamlet* is called the "Tragedy of Moral Idealism," and *King Lear* is said to illustrate "Redemption through Suffering." Each of these great tragedies is a mirror of that life which Shakespeare saw perfect and as a whole and not as the playfield of one passion alone or the subject of one only theme.

But each of these tragedies has its own individual atmosphere, is governed by its own predominant colour: and the key-note of "Macbeth" is ambition, the desire for sovereign rule and mastery. That this is so we shall find as we study the character of our hero and trace the causes of his downfall.

Let us first make an attempt to picture the character of Macbeth at the time the play opens. Like all Shakespearean heroes he was a man out of the ordinary. He was cousin to King Duncan, and after Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons, next in the line of succession to the throne. He and Banquo were the captains of Duncan's army. But his high position was not his chief claim to distinction. His character too was out of the ordinary; not that he possessed qualities peculiar only to himself, for he was thoroughly human, but that he was built on the grand scale. We find nothing small or mean about him. What he was, he was fully and intensely and largely—a man of whom Duncan in the play at any rate never spoke but in terms of the highest admiration—as valiant cousin, noble Macbeth, peerless kinsman. We do not hear of his having any friends. Banquo was rather the companion of his exploits than the intimate of his thoughts. At one time Macduff, we are told, loved him well. Otherwise we find no signs of affection existing between him and any man. He was probably more admired than loved, feared than either. Malcolm speaks of him as luxurious and avaricious. These may have been later developments of his character. I think it is more likely that his enemy Malcolm invented these vices for him than that he really had them at any time, for there are no signs of them in his dealing with men, and they seem to be out of keeping with the rest of his character. Perhaps the most remarkable traits about him to the casual observer would have been his immense personal strength, and courage. The early scenes of the play are full of his mighty prowess. The first epithet used of him is 'brave.' 'Brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name.' In the battle with Macdonwald his brandished sword smokes with bloody execution. He disdains Fortune. He is Valour's minion. He carves out his passage till he faces the rebel, and then never shakes hands, nor bids farewell to him till he unseams him from the nave to the chaps, and fixes his head upon the battlements. He is no more dismayed by the new supplies of men who attack him after this first battle than are eagles by sparrows, or lions by hares, but doubly redoubles strokes upon the foe, and seems as if he meant to bathe

in reeking wounds or memorize another Golgotha. Here is the figure indeed of a mighty man of war, Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof, a huge incarnation of fearless courage, astounding us to admiration and awe of his greatness. From the moment he comes upon the stage he speaks as one used to command. As we shall see later on he was full of superstitious fear, but he addresses the witches in the tones of mastery, almost with contempt, and even to his equals, Ross and Angus, his language is at first brief and peremptory. But he cares for the good opinion of men, and so we find him apologizing for the reverie into which the message of the witches and the strange foretaste of its fulfilment has plunged him.

There are no indications that any one besides his wife had guessed his designs upon the throne, but Banquo seems always to have had some unspoken mistrust of him, and though, from the moment the play begins, Duncan, overwhelmed by news of his successes in the kingdom's great defence, poured honours lavishly upon him and could only speak of him in terms of the highest praise, we may conjecture from the very lavishness of his praise that up to then he had been somewhat mistrustful of him, or at any rate had not considered him worthy of that absolute trust which he had once built for instance upon the rebel Thane of Cawdor.

Behind this exterior of rude personal bravery, extorting admiration and honour but no love from his fellow-countrymen, we find the traits in Macbeth's character which produce the tragic conflict. It is not necessary to decide whether he designed the murder of Duncan before he met the witches or not. Some modern critics are of opinion that not only did he do so, but that he had also broken the enterprise to his wife, and was only waiting for a fit opportunity to carry it through. What is certain is that he had set his heart upon attaining the throne, and had allowed his mind to dwell upon guilty methods of realising his ambition. His wife never understood the nobler impulses of his being, but we may take her interpretation of his lower mind to be quite faithful to the facts. Thou'dst have, she says, that which cries "Thus must thou do, if thou'dst have it;" and that which rather thou dost fear to do than wishest should be undone. In other words he longed with all the passion of his nature to unseat Duncan and take his place. He saw no way to the fulfilment of his desires but evil ones from which he shrank, and yet still he longed.

In every Shakespearean hero the passion that drives him to action and its consequent calamity ending in death becomes an obsession, a fixed idea of tremendous power, overwhelming all lesser motives, breaking in its onward rush every obstacle that would oppose; so that the story of the hero's life fills us with mingled fear and amazement at the tremendous energy of which human nature in these its giant representatives is capable. Macbeth's passion for sovereignty was of this nature, huge, inevitable, tragic. And in its burning light we almost lose sight of the other motives of his life. Before however this one purpose had won complete dominion over him we find that Macbeth was by no means devoid of conscience or moral motive. He does not indeed speak of any love for his country, but I do not think we can imagine that his mighty deeds against Macdonwald and the King of Norway were altogether inspired by pure delight in slaughter and bloodshed. He had a very real sense of loyalty and honour and even in some measure felt the call of human pity; and the chief interest of the first act consists in the struggle of these motives against his ambitious purposes. We have already noted too that he cared for the good opinion of his fellow-men; and though in his very first talk with Banquo and his first meeting with the King we find him hiding his thoughts and expressing himself in the language of hypocrisy, we are not left to mere conjecture that these mean methods were distasteful to the downrightness of a soldierly character. When at length he is settled and bends up each corporal agent to the terrible feat of a secret murder, it is with disgust that he mocks the time with fairest show while the false face must hide what the false heart doth know.

So far we have been trying to picture to ourselves Macbeth at the time the play opens. We have now to follow the developments of his character in action. In no part of his work does the genius of Shakespeare shine with a more brilliant convincing light than in exhibiting the dynamics of character, personalities and circumstances acting and interacting upon each other, from the exposition through situation after situation of conflict to the final catastrophe. To produce the result he aims at, Shakespeare has given one characteristic that is common to every one of his tragic heroes. He has made them all poets. They have all the gift of imagination; and it is this gift which, while it raises them above the level of our every day lives and surroundings, enables

them to express the meanings of their struggles in thoughts that find sympathetic echoes in our hearts, and draw us to claim a proud kinship with these vast tragic souls. Hamlet's imagination is keenly alive to the glory and beauty of the world, and when he finds drunkenness, sensuality, shallowness, murder in it, his imagination speaks in terms of astonishment and horror, loathing, disgust, disillusionment. Othello's imagination plays upon the romance of war and the infinity of love. King Lear's strong, passionate imagination seeks filial love and respect and bursts into wild mad horror over his daughters' cruelty and ingratitude. Macbeth's imagination was keen and sensitive as that of any one of these, but in a form quite peculiar to himself. It was narrow and limited in its scope, and seems to have found vent almost entirely in supernatural horror. A bold man when face to face with palpable dangers, his senses quailed to hear a night-shriek, and his fell of hair would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir as life were in it. His wife never understood this imagination of his; she was continually reproving him for his childish fancies. He understood himself no better, for he thought it was the dread of consequences or fear for his own safety that produced the images that terrified him. Hard use would accustom him to deeds of treachery and murder, and he would see these sights no more. As a fact it was the voice of conscience that spoke in these terrifying accents. If we might use the technical expressions of modern psychology, we should say that while his conscious superliminal mind moved among considerations of outward success and failure, his subliminal self was keenly sensitive, at least in some respects, to the call of conscience.

To understand the development of Macbeth's character we must see how far outward circumstances affected it, or in other words we must make some attempt to estimate the influences of the witches and of Lady Macbeth in determining the course of his actions. Some tragic writers have represented Man as the plaything of a relentless Fate, which forces action and its consequent calamity upon him from outside. We cannot pause now to demonstrate that Shakespeare never presents such a view of the Tragic Fact. Nor, however, does he adopt the other extreme, that a man's destiny is entirely the outcome of his own character finding its outlet in action. Put shortly and somewhat crudely, Shakespeare views his hero as a living personality placed in a situation of considerable complexity and difficulty, and the tragedy

that follows may be considered as the result either of that personality acting upon these particular surroundings or of those surroundings acting upon that particular personality. In either case both situation and character are equally essential. The hero is free to choose, and we never doubt his responsibility for the fatal choice. But on the other hand we do often feel that in other surroundings, under easier circumstances, he might have acted quite differently, and the fatal results might never have happened. That this is so is perhaps most easily seen in the case of heroes like Hamlet and King Lear, who are either 'good' or merely *imperfect*. But to reflection it is just as obvious in the 'villain' Macbeth. Had he never met the witches, had he had a wife *less faithful* to serve his worser nature, we may imagine him remembered in his country's annals as a mighty general, a saviour *in* her *time* of need. Such reflection increases our feeling of sympathetic pity for him, but on the other hand, if we are true to Shakespeare, we must never allow it to hide from us the fact of Macbeth's guilty responsibility. He did meet the witches, and because his conscience was guilty their prophetic greetings, which would otherwise have passed by him harmless, poisoned his mind. If chance would have him king, why chance might crown him without his stir. But encouraged by their supernatural soliciting he yields now to the suggestion which hitherto he had probably resisted. And though at once his conscience rebels in horrible imaginings against the murder that yet is but fantastical, he allows the thought of it to abide there. "Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day." It is his own choice which decides to let that be, which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. So again when he has to meet his wife's arguments and reproaches, if he had not already made up his mind to murder Duncan, if he had not been half ashamed of his own better nature, her misunderstanding of him, her fatal fidelity to his ambitious interests, even her will, only stronger at this crisis than his because unlike his hers was not distracted by any inward conflict, would never have sufficed to compel him to the deed. We may safely say that without her he would never have screwed his courage to the sticking point, or, if he had, would never have gone through the experiences of the murder-scene without betraying himself. But even in the critical scene at the end of Act I, he makes but the feeblest resistance from the beginning, and towards the end bursts into admiration

of his wife's plan. The horrible imaginings made the first steps difficult, but it was of his own free choice that they were taken.

From the moment the final resolution is made he acts with tremendous determination and courage. It is quite a mistake to regard Macbeth as a mere cold-blooded cowardly criminal. A story is told of two soldiers before a battle. One of them is shivering in anticipation of the danger to come, and the other says to him, "Where is your courage, friend?" "My courage, Sir," is the reply, "is shown by my staying here. If you were half as afraid as I am, you would fly at once." We see Macbeth committing murder after murder, although at each new step he takes imagination conjures up images of terror, each more fearful than the last, or tells him that he is but putting rancours in the vessel of his peace, that he is giving his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man. And even when he finds Fate itself against him, such is the tremendous power of his courageous self-assertiveness that he dares to challenge even Fate into the lists. When the end was fast approaching, we hear that some said he was mad, others that lesser hated him called it valiant fury. None, we may note, accused him of cowardice. And when at the very end he finds the juggling fiends on whom his superstitious imaginations had relied are no more to be believed, though for a brief moment his better part of man is cowed, it only requires Macduff's taunt to rouse him again. Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane, and Macduff opposed, being of no woman born, there is one last resource better than any of the witches' charms. With sword and shield and a strong right arm he throws himself upon his enemy in that last great single combat. The courage of Macbeth is indeed fearful and at least as great as that of any other man in the pages of Shakespeare.

But there is not another respect in which from the time of his fatal resolution his character does not degenerate. His relations with Banquo had never been open and free. When the witches delivered their messages, his mind had dwelt upon the fact that Banquo's children were to be kings only less than it had dwelt upon the greatness promised to himself. Partly no doubt he was experiencing some jealousy, but partly he hoped that he might find Banquo a useful partner in whatever was to be done. His questions were obviously set to find out what Banquo was thinking on the matter. He could at that time get no satisfactory response; but now that he had resolved upon the murder it became

imperative that Banquo's attitude should be known, and Macbeth approached him once more. Without any hesitation now, he lies to him, affecting indifference to the Witches' prophecy, but suggests that it might work honour for Banquo, if he should cleave to his consent, when it came to pass. The honesty of Banquo's reply deters him once more from going further. And after the murder of Duncan is committed and the crown won, his fearful thoughts turn in renewed suspicion and jealousy upon his old comrade. He at once begins to plot his murder. Now there is no striving of conscience, no need of Witches' solicitations or of a wife's stimulating reproaches. Coldly and hypocritically he finds out Banquo's movements, and then with fiendish cunning and cruelty persuades two of those who had been soldiers in the Scottish army that Banquo had been their enemy, and that they might revenge themselves by murdering him and his son Fleance. To my mind there is nothing more diabolical in the whole of Shakespeare than the grim passage in which after Macbeth has arranged this murder he announces the fact to his wife. With Satanic humour he asks her to present eminence to Banquo at the feast, which he knows Banquo will never attend. Even this humour however tortures himself, and Lady Macbeth sees this and tries to comfort him. "Yes," he replies, "there's comfort yet, and so let us be jocund, for to-night shall be done a deed of dreadful note." Imagine the bitter forced grin with which he bids her "be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed;" and the smile-less, blood-weary expression with which his Lady hears him. In very deed do things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

But it is a mistake to isolate single strands in a character and examine them as if the whole character were simply a bundle of such strands, whereas in fact it is a complete and indivisible unity, of which particular traits are merely varying aspects. If we analyse, we must do so with a view to a final synthesis; and so let us conclude our review of the character of Macbeth by an attempt to grasp it as a whole. We have seen him as an unloveable, solitary man of great, almost savage power, both of mind and body, who gradually becomes so completely dominated by his passionate ambition that in spite of the resistance of his imaginative conscience he allows himself to be persuaded into murdering King Duncan; and we have observed how as an almost instant consequence his rough savagery degenerates into

cruelty, and his wonted aloofness into a new inhumanity, cunning, and hypocrisy. Also we have noticed the intensity of his courage; and we have seen how, half mad if not diabolical though it be, it is this huge courage of his which commands our respect for him. All these and other characteristics upon which I have not dwelt may now be seen in the light of that imagination of his, which I have mentioned, but owing to the exigencies of the method which I have followed in this paper, I have not been able to emphasise sufficiently. If we ask ourselves how it is that in spite of his 'villainy' from beginning to end of the play our sympathy is always with Macbeth, how it is we hardly feel a flicker of pity for the gracious Duncan, and except in so far as they are necessary instruments in Macbeth's ruin have no interest in Malcolm or Macduff, the answer is very obvious. It is because of Macbeth's gift of imagination. We never condemn him, for never for a moment does his own imagination cease to do so. We never desire that he should suffer for his crimes, for never does his imagination allow him a moment's enjoyment in their result. We feel for him because he realises and suffers the full terror of his deeds. There is a cold, unimaginative ambition, which commits no crimes within the meaning of the Indian or any other Penal Code, which pushes itself into power over the heads of worthier men, which uses persons and institutions for its private ends, which wins praise and honour from the world, while slowly and unwittingly it allows its own dull soul to die. For such ambition we can feel disgust but no pity. To Macbeth our hearts go out, because he was bloody, bold, and resolute, and more because in the very deed's doing he suffered the tortures of hell. Macbeth may have tried to deceive others. His imagination never allowed him to hide from himself the nature and consequence of his deeds. A visionary dagger with blood-bespattered blade and dudgeon 'marshals him the way that he should go to Duncan's chamber. His stealthy pace reminds him of the ravishing strides with which Tarquin moved like a ghost towards his design. He is an incarnation of withered Murder, alarumed by his sentinel the wolf. He fears the very stones may prate of his whereabout. And while he is about the deed Duncan's grooms turn uneasily in their sleep. One cries "God bless us" and "Amen" the other, as they had seen him, with his hangman's hands, listening their fear. He tries himself to pronounce "Amen," but cannot. He has most

need of a blessing, but "Amen" sticks in his throat. Then he thinks he hears a voice cry "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep." Still it seems to cry "sleep no more" to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more"—his three titles suggesting as it were a threefold suffering. His nerve fails him completely when he has done the deed. He rushes out of the chamber bringing the dagger in his bloody hands, and pours out the horrors he has experienced to his wife. She tries in vain to calm him and to make him return with the dagger and smear the sleepy grooms with blood. He is afraid to think on what he has done; look on it again he dares not. Lady Macbeth herself then takes the daggers back, and as he waits for her return every noise appals him, and as he looks at his hands they seem to pluck out his eyes. Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash the blood clean from off his hand? No, this hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red. Lady Macbeth carries him off to their chamber, where a little water, she says, shall clear them of this deed, and getting on their nightgowns they will be prepared to meet their morning-visitors, of whom one is even now knocking at the gate. "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst."

When the morning comes and the fact of the murder is discovered, Macbeth has to some extent recovered control of himself; but there is a dangerous exaggeration in his simulated grief—a piece of bad acting which shows that he has still not gained a complete mastery over his emotions, for in his calmer moments we find he could act a part faultlessly. I think too he is uttering a heart-felt truth as well as trying to impose upon the assembled thanes when, coming from the chamber of death, he wishes that he had but died an hour before this chance; for from this instant there is nothing serious in mortality. "All is but toys; renown and grace is dead; the wine of life is drawn and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of."

We have seen how one of his earliest acts as King was to plot the murder of Banquo. Almost at once too begins the unspoken estrangement between himself and his wife which becomes more and more marked as the play progresses. He no longer needs her help or stimulus: and so he keeps alone, of saddest fancies his companions making. There is nothing now to keep

them together except the participation in crimes of which they have both sickened. At one moment the futility of what he has done oppresses him. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it; she'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth." At another he attempts to free himself from his gloomy thoughts. "Let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep in the affliction of these terrible dreams that shake us nightly." Vain hope, for at once the gloom returns. "Better be with the dead, whom we to gain our seat, have sent to peace, than on the torture of the rack to lie in restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well; treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, can touch him further."

He hears secretly of the death of Banquo, but the comfort of this news—"Safe in a ditch he bides, with twenty trenched gashes on his head, the least a death to nature"—is almost swallowed up on hearing that Fleance is escaped. Once more he is cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears. In the great banquet scene we see Macbeth at his lowest and at his highest, in his last great agony of struggle with the supernatural, his last definite determination to give himself entirely to deeds of blood.

It is quite unimportant from our present point of view to consider whether the ghost of Banquo which sits in Macbeth's place was intended by Shakespeare to be seen by the spectators, or was, as Lady Macbeth called it, the very painting of his fear, a repetition of the air-drawn dagger which led him to Duncan. This is certain. Neither Lady Macbeth nor any of the assembled thanes saw Banquo shaking his gory locks and nodding at Macbeth. But for Macbeth he was real and awful. Though, before and since, murders have been performed too terrible for the ear, yet generally when the brains are out the man will die, and there an end; but for such as Macbeth they rise again with twenty mortal murders on their crowns, and push one from one's stool. The cold hypocrisy with which Macbeth speaks of the regretted absence of Banquo shows him at his lowest degradation of evil, and we may note that it is on the two occasions when he sinks to this level that the ghost appears. It is to be noted too that when Macbeth rises to his highest acme of boldness and with awful courage challenges the ghost, it disappears.

It disappears; but the thanes are possessed of Macbeth's secret, and Macbeth is committed irrevocably to further crime.

For I think this scene (Act III, Sc. iv), almost more than that (Act I, Sc. vii) in which he finally determines on Duncan's murder, is meant to mark the crisis in Macbeth's career and character. Up to now we may have had some hope of a reform in him. Now for the last time has his conscience uttered itself in terms of terror. Henceforth he is resolved without compunction, without compassion or looking-back, to be a man of blood.

> It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.
> Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak
> Augurs and understood relations have,
> By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
> The secret'st man of blood . . .
>
> I will to-morrow,
> And betimes will I, to the wayward sisters.
> More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
> By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
> All causes shall give way; I am in blood
> Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
> Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
> Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

He ascribes his fears and supernatural imaginings to the fact that he is new to a career of blood, and believes custom will free him of the terrors that he has suffered. "My strange and self-abuse is the initiate fear, that wants hard use; we are yet but young in deed"—and he is right. He has learned the devil's truth, that conscience itself may be killed. We find him no more tortured by considerations of right and wrong; no more sights terrify his gaze. He goes to see the Witches of his own accord, and shows no fear of their supernatural powers, but speaks to them and their masters as to servants whom he may command. His one purpose now becomes to ensure his own safety, and where he errs from that purpose it is only in the direction of meaningless and bloody revenge. Macduff is fled to England. Let then his wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line be given to the edge of the sword. It is this cruel, aimless slaughter of the innocent that causes the precise form of the inevitable end. We see him in the last scenes the victim of an ungovernable fury of anger, buoyed up by the prophecies and charms of the Witches, that fail him one by one. He cannot keep control of himself. He feels his secret murders sticking on his

hands; every minute there are new revolts against him; and those who remain under his command move only in command, unswayed by any love. He feels his royal title hang loose about him like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief. We are not surprised his pestered senses recoil and start, when all that is within him does condemn itself for being there. He retains his tremendous force of character. When he hears of the advance of the English troops, he declares his resolve to fight till from his bones his flesh is hacked. But he has lost all the joy of life; his energy is not inspired by any hope or desire. He feels he has lived long enough. His way of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf; and he must not look to have that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, but, in their stead, curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

He asks the doctor who comes to tell him of his wife's illness whether he cannot minister to a diseased mind, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain, and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous matter which weighs upon the heart. He has now forgotten the taste of those supernatural fears which played so large a part in the earlier days of his crimes. He has supped full with horrors; direness, familiar to his slaughterous thoughts, cannot once start him. But even so he starts at the cry of her waiting-women when Lady Macbeth dies. I do not think he was consciously indifferent to the suffering and death of a wife whom he had once loved well; but they had for some time lived their lives apart from each other. To those who sin against the laws of God and man this one punishment is certain, whatever else may fail—that their lives become solitary, and their souls dwell in a place alone. It is his Queen's death that draws from him his last bitter comment on the hollow mockery of life. 'What does man gain from all his ambitious struggles and successes?

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

I have attempted in this paper to make more vivid the picture of Macbeth as I believe Shakespeare meant us to conceive him. With this end in view I have generally avoided the comment of individual opinion. Indeed much of what I have said is a mere retelling of Shakespeare's story. I have taken into consideration every sentence that Macbeth uttered, and much that is said of him by others. My own feeling is that perhaps I have been too lavish with my quotations; but it is a fault on the right side, for it has arisen from an effort to be quite faithful to my original, neither exaggerating aught, nor minimising unduly. If any realise more clearly the character of Macbeth and feel more keenly the wonderful power of his creator, Shakespeare, as the result of what I have written, my task has won its due reward.

ARTHUR DAVIES.

*EARLY HISTORY OF THE NILGIRIS.**

THE earliest authentic reference to any portion of the present district of the Nilgiris is to be found in a Ganga inscription discovered by Mr. Rice at Hiranandi in the Heggadadevankote Taluk of the Mysore State.[1] This taluk forms the northern boundary of the portion of Wainad situate in this District. According to Mr. Rice the inscription belongs to about A.D. 930.[2] It refers to the death of the Ganga King, Ereyappa, and describes in graphic detail the dispute that subsequently arose between Butuga and Rachamalla, his two sons (it is conjectured) by different mothers.[3] Rachamalla was the elder and as such entitled to succeed. But Butuga was a crafty and unscrupulous man[4] and tried to supersede him. Accordingly, he sent one of his officers to Rachamalla, who appears to have been then at Bayal-nad, to induce him to go to him. When the officer proposed that if he (Rachamalla) came to Butuga, who was at Manne, the royal residence, they could equally divide the country and the treasury, Rachamalla's five

* A very brief summary of this paper was furnished by the author to the Editor of the new *Nilgiri District Gazetteer* and appears in it under the head of Early History.—*C. H. R.*

1 *Epigraphia Carnatica* IV. Heggadadevankote Ins., 116.

2 Another inscription (*Ep. Car.* III. Mandya No. 41) referring to the details mentioned in this inscription is actually dated in Sakha 372 or A.D. 950.

3 *Ep. Car.* Introd. p. 12.

4 *Ibid.* III. Introd. pp. 5, 6.

envoys and headmen met him with the blunt answer: "We do not wish any other than Rachamalla to rule over the Kingdom of Bayal-nad." On this a fight ensued in which Rachamalla died and Butuga became undisputed ruler of Bayal-nad.[5] Mr. Rice identifies this place with Vayanad, commonly called Wainad or Wynaad.[6] It would follow from this that the Wainad portion of the present district of the Nilgiris, contiguous with the Heggada-devankote Taluk of the Mysore State, was in the tenth century A.D. ruled over by the Ganga Kings of Mysore. From towards the close of the tenth century A.D. to about the middle of the twelfth century A.D.[7] Bayal-nadu was under the rule of a branch of the old Kadamba dynasty, which till about the sixth century A.D. (when it was subdued by the Chalukyas) ruled over part of the Mysore State, with Banavasi, on the Sorab frontier, as its capital.[8] The circumstances under which this Kadamba branch gained Bayal-nadu are not known. The earliest of the line was Raviyammarasa (perhaps Ravi Varma) who ruled about A.D. 1007.[9] Another was Kandavarma or (Skandavarma), who was sovereign in A.D. 1079.[10] The inscription which mentions his name is an interesting one. "An adulteress,"[11] it records, "with black waving curls, an adulteress with full moon face, an adulteress with endless side glances, an adulteress with adorned thin body (? was) this (storeyed) mansion, the double Bayal-nad."[12] From this and certain other inscriptions it would appear that there were at the time (as in our own) two Bayal-nads. One of these was known as Bira-Bayal-nad[13] and the other as Chagi-Bayal-nad.[14] There is also a reference to the five three hundred of Bayal-nad.[15] In A.D. 1083 Bira-Bayal-nad was ruled over by one whose full name is not clear, its first portion, Siva, alone being known.[16] About A.D. 1090 Kanthirava was sovereign over Chagi-Bayal-nadu.[17] By this time the Hoysalas of Dwarasamudra, the modern Halebid, in the Hassan District of the Mysore State,

---

5 *Ep. Car.* III. Introd. pp. 5, 6; *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. p. 12.

6 *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. p. 3.

7 *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. p. 3.

8 *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. p. 2.

9 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heg. 73.

10 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heg. 56.

11 "The earth or a country is," as Mr. Rice remarks "sometimes called an adulteress because she has a succession of lovers, that is kings or rulers." Can it refer to the malarious nature of the country?

12 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heg. 56.

13 *Ibid.* Heg. 56 and 80.

14 *Ibid.* Heg. 77.

15 *Ibid.* Heg. 56.

16 *Ibid.* Heg. 80.

17 *Ibid.* Heg. 75 and 77.

were becoming powerful, but yet they do not appear to have encroached on the Kadamba territories. The Hoysala boundary in the extreme south during the time of Vinayaditya (who ruled from A.D. 1047 to A.D. 1100)[18] is expressly stated in an inscription to have been Bayal-nadu.[19] In A.D. 1107 Iravi-Chalamma was the Kadamba King of Bira-Bayal-nadu.[20] It was during his time that the Hoysalas first cast their eyes on Bayal-nadu. Up to him, the rulers of the Bayal-nadu are described as *Mahamandalésvara Rájádhirája*, which would mean that they were princes of the royal blood and independent rulers.[21] In an inscription dated A.D. 1138 and referring to Mukkanna, the next Kadamba ruler of Bayal-nadu, the title *Rájádhirája* is expressly omitted and the "boon lord of Dvaravatipura"[22] is referred to as if he were the suzerain.[23]

This would indicate that some event had occurred between A.D. 1107 and A.D. 1138 that made Bayal-nadu an integral portion of the Hoysala territories. This was no other than the conquest of Bayal-nadu and Nīlagiri by Bitti Deva, *alias* Vishnu Vardhana, the great Hoysala ruler who held sway from 1104 to 1141.[24] But before passing on to that event, it is best to note a characteristic feature of both the Kadamba and Hoysala times in the social life of Bayal-nadu. Cattle-lifting seems to have been very frequent during these times. Rescuing the cattle led often to fights between villagers, in which some died. Occasionally the fight fully assumed the dimensions of a war. In one inscription, dated A.D. 1107,[25] we see a man praised and a memorial raised to him because "when besieged by fully a hundred horsemen and a thousand six hundred foot soldiers, he released the cows from prison" and "driving away and slaying went to the world of the Gods."

The great Hoysala King Vishnu Vardhana conquered the territories of a great many of his neighbours. In one inscription,[26] he is stated to have taken, amongst other places, Bayal-nadu "by a frown." An inscription, dated A.D. 1117,[27]

---

[18] *Ep. Car.* III. Introd. p. 14.
[19] *Ep. Car.* IV. Ng. 32.
[20] *Ep. Car.* IV. Heg. 11 and 79.
[21] *Ibid.* Heg. 56 and 73.
[22] The text has "Dvaravati-pura Varádhisvara," which means more properly "lord of the excellent Dvaravati-pura."
[23] *Ibid.* Heg. 50.
[24] *Ep. Car.* III. Introd. 14.
[25] *Ep. Car.* IV. Heg. 79.
[26] *Ep. Car.* IV. Hunsur, 137.
[27] *Ep. Car.* IV. Chamarajanagar, 83.

which falls between the reigns of the Kadamba rulers Iravi Chalamma and Mukkanna, gives interesting particulars of Vishnu Vardhana's general, Punisa, taking the Nīlagiris. It is further remarkable as the *only* inscription, so far as is at present known, mentioning the Todas by name. "The great minister of Bitti Deva" (*i.e.* Punisa) "who had frightened the Todas, driven the Kongas underground, slaughtered the Poluvas, put to death the Maleyalas, terrified King Kala, and *entering into Nīla Mountain*[28] offered up its peak to the Lakshmi of victory." Again, it adds: "On the Hoysala King (*i.e.* the Hoysala King Vishnu Vardhana) giving the order he (Punisa) seized Nīladri,[29] and pursuing the Maleyalas and capturing their forces, he became the master of Kerala and then again showed himself in the plain country." This would indicate that Nīlgiri was then part of Kerala, and that its ruler had done something very offensive to merit such a determined opposition on the part of the Hoysala General. The conquest of Nīlagiri and other places near to it in Kongu (on the plains) seem to have been recognised by Vishnu Vardhana and his successors as events of great importance, since we find references to them in their inscriptions during the next century and a quarter.[30] As various inscriptions give different parts of the same story, they are collected here to give some idea of what was considered even then to be an important event. An inscription, dated A.D. 1162,[31] says that the general who undertook the conquest of Nīlagiri was "the great Dandanayaka minister Bitteyanna" (*alias* Bittiga) who was "Vishnu's (Vishnu Vardhana's) general."[32] He is described as "of the Karnata-Vamsa, who

---

[28] The original has *Pokku Nila-Sileyam.*

[29] The original has *Niladriyam-Kondu.*

[30] An inscription of A.D. 1235 refers to them all. *Ep. Car.* III. Mandya, 121.

[31] *Ep. Car.* IV. Hunsur, 137.

[32] So Mr. Rice. The original text has "Sri-Vishnudandadhipam." Here Vishnu is not Vishnu-Vardhana as seems to be inferred by Mr. Rice (*Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. 21) but another form of *Bittiga*, the name of the general. The composer of the inscription calls him first "Maha-pradhanam-dandanayaka-Bitteyanna;" then, instead of repeating the same names he calls him Sri Vishnu-Dandadhipam; then he calls him simply *Bittiga*, and lastly Vishnu-dandadhipam. Thus "Vishnu-dandadhipa" and "Dandanayaka-Bitteyanna" are merely equivalents. Further no useful purpose would be served by calling him Vishnu Vardhana's Dandanayaka in an inscription of Narasimha, under whom he was himself Dandanayaka. As for *Bittiga* being the *Prakrit* form of *Vishnu*, see Fleet's S.K.D.401, Note 1.

had *subdued Nīlachala*,[33] cut off the head of Kala, and reduced to powder the Konga army." He was, according to the inscription of A.D. 1117 above referred to,[34] the brother of Punisa, who is described in that inscription as the conqueror of Nīlagiri. The latter is there called Punisa-Raja-Dandādhīsa. He was the son of Chavana (or Chava) and his wife Arasikbbe. By another wife, named Chaundale, his father had the other son, Bittiga, above mentioned. Both claim, as stated above, the conquest of Nīlagiri, the one in the inscription of A.D. 1117 and the other in that of A.D. 1162. It is possible[35] that both were engaged in the conquest and that the younger, Bittiga, eventually became minister to Vishnu Vardhana's son, Narasimha. This would reconcile the apparently contradictory statements which make both the ministers of Vishnu Vardhana the conquerors of Nīlagiri mountain. Punisa appears to have been a great man of the times.[36] As the inscription quoted above puts it, "the ruined trader, the cultivator with no seed to sow, the ousted Kirata (chief) with no power left, who had become his servant, he gave them all what they had lost and supported them, the Dandanātha Punisa." He appears to have been a devout Jain as well, for the inscription adds: "Without room for any fear, in the manner of the Gangas, he decorated the basadis (*vulgo* bastis) of the Gangavadi Ninety-Six-Thousand—Punisa-Raja-Dandādhīsa." An inscription of 1123,[37] of Vishnu Vardhana's time, refers among other conquests to that of Nīlagiri but gives no details. But another inscription, of about the year A. D. 1120,[38] refers to his subjugation of Talakad and to his "having

33 The original has *Nīlàchalamam Sàdisi.*

34 *Ep. Car.* IV. Chamarajanagar, 83, in which a complete genealogy of Punisa is given. The rest of the following facts are also taken from it.

35 The manner in which both inscriptions refer to the incident seems to support this. Punisa is stated to have "seized Niladri" (*Nilàdriyam Kondu*) and his brother is represented as having "subdued Niladri" (*Nilachalamam Sadisi.*) Other incidents that followed the conquest are set down to both. These phrases are in striking contrast with that most frequently used in later inscriptions, that of *Nilagiri Sadak* (*or Nilagiri subduer*) which is a mere title. See *e.g. Ep. Car.* IV, Chamarajanagar, 204.

36 *Ibid.*

37 Rice's *Ep. Car.* II. 56, (inscription at Sravana Belgola), p. 143.

38 *Ep. Car.* III. Seringapatam, 49.

driven afar the hosts of his enemies" and to his "having turned the Nīla mountain into a city."[39]

There is no indication where, on or about the Nilgiris, this city was built. An inscription of A.D. 1145 (four years after the death of Vishnu Vardhana) shows the direction that he took in this conquest of Kongu and the Nīlagiri. It says that King Vishnu "from Talamale onwards the mighty spreading Ghauts[40] trod to powder with the tramp of his armies, and crossing over and taking them pulled up the groves of areca-palms, teak and cocoa-nut, as if plucking out the moustaches of Kongu and Chengivi." An inscription of A. D. 1160[41] includes amongst his conquests Nīlādri lower Ghaut, the seven Hills (Nīlagiris), and the Bayal-nadu. Finally an inscription of A.D. 1235 sums up Vishnu Vardhana's conquests by saying[42] that "whatever countries are celebrated as having acquired name, whatever hill-forts are spoken of with special distinction, whatever kings are reckoned as of importance, he brought into one subjection, and spread the brilliance of his fame as far as the four oceans."

An inscription of A.D. 1141,[43] the last year of the reign of Vishnu Vardhana, refers to an event which seems to have happened subsequent to the conquest of Nīlagiri and Bayal-nadu and other places by him. It says that while the King was ruling at Belur, "the ruler of Nirugunda-nād, by order of Ede-nād and Hiriya-nād, laid siege to Kukulla fort, above the peak of Nīlagiri fort, burnt the fort, slew the son of Koteya-Nayaka (or of the chief of the fort) and joining fight with the enemy's force who opposed him, slew them, and by his bravery in war becoming a *banta* went to Svarga." It is possible that the enemy of "Kukulla fort" raised a disturbance and offended the people of the other *nāds*, who put it down by burning his fort. The name of the ruler of the "Nirugunda-nād" is not stated. His father's name was Bamma Gavundan and his son, Nika Gavundan, "performing the funeral ceremonies of his father," set up a memorial stone to him.

---

[39] The original stands: *Puri Krithanila parvatamum*, which is more correctly rendered, "turned the Nila mountain into a city" (*Ep. Car.* III. Seringapatam, 49). Mr. Rice renders the same as "having erected a city on the Nila mountain," which seems not quite literal.

[40] *Ep. Car.* IV. Nagamangala, 76.

[41] *Ep. Car.* III. Seringapatam; see also Introd. p. 16; transliterated original on p. 53.

[42] *Ep. Car.* III. Mandya, 121.

[43] *Ep. Car.* IV. Chamarajanagar, 20.

The "Kukulla fort, above the peak of Nīlagiri fort" is possibly the modern Kokal, some fifteen miles N.E. of Ootacamund. The "Peak of Nīlagiri" is perhaps the modern Nīlgiri Peak, one of the highest points in the Western Ghauts overlooking the district of Malabar, and situated in the western border of the Nīlgiri plateau, to which it gives its name. *If this be so, then, the Eda-nadu referred to in this inscription is* possibly *Eranadu,* or Ernad, in the district of Malabar, from whose north-eastern part commences the Karkur Ghaut. But it is also useful to remember that amongst the hill tribes the name of Nīlgiri Peak is also given to Rangasami Peak on the eastern slopes of the Hills. If this is the peak referred to, then *Nira-gandu-nad* is possibly the modern *Nirgundi, some fourteen miles* S.E. of Kotagiri.

An inscription of Hoysala Vira Ballala II., dated about A.D. 1200,[44] refers to an incident which it does not set forth completely. It refers to Bila Chokkayya Dannāyaka, his great minister, Sarvadhikari, generalissimo, lord of Terakanambi and the "Subduer of Nīlgiri,"[45] *and to certain other Dannāya-kas and adds that they did something* "on the slopes of the Nīlagiri." Unfortunately the inscription stops at that stage. The "Subduer of Nīlagiri" is assumed by Chokkayya as a title. How he got it is not known. Possibly as minister of the Hoysala King and as successor of the general of Vishnu Vardhana, who made the actual conquest, he inherited *it.* "*The beautiful* (warlike) Bayal-nadu" *is spoken of in an inscription of* Hoysala *Somesvara,* dated in the year A.D. 1229,[46] as the extreme southern boundary of the Hoysala dominions. This statement is repeated in another inscription of the year A.D. 1237.[47]

The next Hoysala ruler, Narasimha III., had for his minister a great man named Perumala Deva.[48] He assisted his King in A.D. *1270 in the war against the* Sevuna King *Mahadeva and* acquired the title of Javanike-Narayana.[49] He was a Vaishnava. He was the son of Vishnu Deva and Manchala.[50] He was granted an estate for his services

44 *Ep. Car.* IV. Chāmarajanagar, *204.*
45 The text has *Nilagiri Sadaka.*
46 *Ep. Car.* IV. Nagamangala, *98.*
47 *Ibid.*
48 *Ibid.* 38, 39, 48 and 49.
49 *Ibid.* 39.
50 *Ibid.* 38.

by the King, which he bettered by improving its irrigation sources.[51] During the reign of Narasimha's son, Ballala III., the last of the Hoysalas, he rose to still greater power. During that King's reign Malik Kafur sacked Dwarasamudra (A.D. 1310) and the King retired to Tiruvannamalai, in the present South Arcot District, about A.D. 1322.[52] During his time Perumala Deva, the minister of his father, is represented in an inscription of A.D. 1293 as exercising royal authority as well as the king.[53] He is spoken of as "Immadi Rautta Raya, death to the Kongas, member of the lines of chiefs, subduer of Nīlagiri."[54] His exact relationship to Chokkayya, who first assumed this last title, is not known. His position as Hoysala minister, his claim to the title of "Subduer of Nīlagiri" and his use of other titles which his predecessors used, would indicate that he was in some way connected with them. The absence of inscriptions between A.D. 1117 and 1270, except the one of A.D. 1142 already mentioned, referring to any reconquest of Nīlagiri, shows that the title of "Subduer of Nīlagiri" descended as a title to Perumala and was not acquired by him by a fresh conquest of the Hills. His full name was Perumala-Deva-Dannāyaka, a name by which he is referred to in inscriptions of the years A.D. 1284 and 1309.[55] He had two sons, Chakaravarthi Dannāyaka and Madhava Dannāyaka. The latter was Governor of the Padinālkunād (or fourteen nads) with the seat of his government at Terakanambi in the present Gundlupet Taluk, just beyond the northern frontier of Nīlgiris. He was in power from A.D. 1311 to 1318.[56] In his inscriptions among other titles he is given those of "Immadi Rautta Rāya, death to the Kongas, subduer of the Nīlagiri,[57] wrestler of the hill forts, piercer of the hearts of the chiefs of island forts, a battlement to protect the wealth of the Hoysala's kingdom."[58] He set up the God Gopinatha in Gōvardhanagiri, now called Gopalaswami hill, in the south-west of Gundlupet Taluk, and bestowed some lands in Terakanambi for

[51] *Ep. Car.* IV. Nagamangala, 48 and 49.
[52] *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. p. 22, and Krishnarajapet, 44, Gundlupet, 85.
[53] *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 66, dated A. D. 1293.
[54] The original text has *Ko-bentekara Nilagiri.*
[55] *Ep. Car.* IV. Nagamangala, 41.
[56] *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 45 and 58, Chamarajanagar, 116 and 193.
[57] The original text has *Nilagiri Sadara* (*Ibid.* Gundlupet 58).
[58] *Ibid.*

the temple he erected in honour of it.[59] An inscription of about A.D. 1312[60] mentions a chief Sāruma Nāyaka, whom it describes as the "sun to the city of Nīlagiri" (Nīlagiri Puravarāditya). How he was related to Mādhava Nāyak is not known. He is not given any of the usual titles of a prime minister. He was succeeded in his Governorship of the Padinālkunād by his son Kitaya Dannāyak, who is referred to in an inscription of 1321 A.D.[61] Another dated A.D. 1332[62] describes him as the "Subduer of Nīlagiri." A third dated A.D. 1323-4 is on one of the walls of the Siva temple at Dannāyakan Kōttai, at the eastern base of the Nilgiri Hills.[63] This inscription calls the fort of Dannāyakan Kōttai, in which it is found, Nīlagirisādāran Kōttai, after the title Nīlagiri Sādāran or Nīlagiri Sādaka, which as we have seen was first assumed by Chokkayya and then by Perumala and Madhava. The name Dannāyakan Kōttai appears to have been subsequently bestowed upon it in commemoration of the office of Dannāyaka which had been exercised successively by members of Perumala's family. Round about the fort a considerable town had risen, which appears to have been in a flourishing condition even as late as the Mysore Wars of the eighteenth century.[64] It is possible that the city of Nīlagiri of the inscriptions[65] is no other than this town, which in the Dannāyakan Kōttai inscription is called Nīlagirisādāran Kōttai or the fort of the subduer of Nīlagiri. The word *kottai* would, in this connection, be used as the equivalent of city or town, which is not unusual. Current tradition amongst the Badagas, Todas and other hill tribes of the Nīlgiris refers frequently to Dannāyakan Kōttai as the place to which the hills were, some centuries back, subordinate.[66]

A century and a half elapses[67] before we hear again of the Nīlgiris in inscriptions. At the end of that long period, we have a line of chiefs who call themselves Nīlagiri Sādārak-odeya, Nīlagiri-nād-ālva, or Nīlagiri-uddhārana, which respectively mean

---

59 *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 58.
60 *Ep. Car.* III. Nanjangud, 71.
61 *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 69.
62 *Ep. Car.* III. Nanjangud, 65. The original has *Nilagiri Sadhaka.*
63 Personally seen by me.
64 Wilson's *History of Madras Army*, I. 257, 268; II. 196, 220.
65 *E.g.*, *Ep. Car.* III. Nanjangud, 71, and Seringapatam, 49.
66 For some detailed notes on this point, see under Denadu in *Nilgiri Gazetteer*, 324.
67 *V. inf.*

the subduer, ruler, or protector of Nīlagiri or Nīlagiri country. The exact relationship of this line to that of Ketaya Dannāyak is not evident. But it is possible that the later chiefs were the successors of the earlier. For while the latter trace their lineage from "Immadi-Rautta Raya"[68] the former call themselves "son of Immadi Roya-Vodeyar."[69] Again, while the earlier chiefs style themselves "a battlement to protect the wealth of the Hoysala kingdom" and so forth,[70] their later successors call themselves "rulers of the Hoysana country."[71] Both take the title of "Subduer of Nīlagiri" or one of its variants. Finally, the later chiefs claim themselves to be rulers of the Kōte-sīme, which is "no doubt Bettadakōtē on the Gōpalaswami hill," about ten miles off the northern frontier of this district and situate to the south-west of Gundlupet, which was built, as stated above, by Mādhava Dannāyaka, the son of Perumāla.[72] They had their capital at Hura, about fifteen miles north-west of Gundlupet and in the south-western portion of Nanjangud Taluk.[73] The first of these was Vīra Nanja Vodeyar, who was ruling in A.D. 1489 and 1491.[74] The former of these refers to a Deva Raya Vodeyar, "the lord who was the subduer of Nīlagiri."[75] He calls himself "the ruler of the Nīlagiri-nād" in A.D. 1503.[76] In A.D. 1504 Gōvanna Vodeyar calls himself "protector of Nīlagiri."[77] About A.D. 1512 Devodeyar was the ruler of the Kōtesime.[78] He must have been a feudatory of the then Vijayanagar king. The latter's representative lived at Terakanambi in A.D. 1513, and was one Sāluva Gōvinda Rāya, who had been appointed Nayak of that place by King Krishna Raya.[79] By 1520 he had been succeeded by one Krishna Rāya Nāyaka.[80]

---

68 See note 57.

69 *V. inf.*

70 See note 57.

71 *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 2 and 9.

72 *Ibid.* 58.

73 *Ibid.* Introd. 28.

74 *Ep. Car.* IV. *Ibid.* 9; *Ep. Car.* III. Nanjangud, 118, dated A.D. 1491.

75 *Ibid.* Gundlupet, 9. The original text has *Nilagiri-Sadarak Odeya.*

76 *Ep. Car.* Heggadadevankote, 6. The original text has *Nilagiri-nad-alva.*

77 *Ep. Car.* III. Nanjangud, 47. The original text has *Nilagiri Uddharana.*

78 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 71, and Introd. 28. Curiously enough he does not connect himself with the Nilgiris.

79 *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 3.

80 *Ep. Car.* IV. Hunsur, 48. He granted a village in the Kotesime.

In inscriptions,[81] he is called "the agent for the affairs of," and the "right hand" of King Krishna Rāya. The latest of these is dated A.D. 1527[82] to which year at least his agency must have continued. As will be seen presently,[83] he had, in his representative character, not only authority over the Kōtesīme to which Nīlagiri-nād was subordinate but also over Bayal-nad, certain villages in which he grants off by way of donation.[84] That Terakanambi and the country subordinate to it was an integral portion of Krishna Raya's kingdom is evident from another inscription.[85] It is dated in A.D. 1520 and records that his great minister, whose name has been effaced from the grant, visited Terakanambi in that year and imposed a tax of two *hana* on every village and hamlet subordinate to him to provide funds for the car festival "of the great God of Gods, the God Alvār."

About A.D. 1517 Singappa Vodeyar's son, Chenna Rāja Vodeyar, was ruling over the Kōtesīme.[86] In 1530 Mādhava Nāyaka had already become its ruler.[87] His son was Dodda Malla Rāja Vodeyar, who appears to have been ruling in A.D. 1559.[88] His nephew Nanja Rāja Vodeyar was ruler in A.D. 1569.[89] One of these, however, explicitly claims the title of "Subduer of Nīlagiri," which their earlier ancestors boasted of. In A.D. 1610 Rāja Vodeyar of Mysore drove away Tirumala, the Vijayanagar Viceroy at Seringapatam, and took the latter place.[90] In 1624 he took Terakanambi also from the Vijayanagar representative.[91] In 1654 Lingarāja Vodeyar, another son of Mādhava Nāyak, became ruler of Kōtesīme. He calls himself Dalavāyi of Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Vodeyar, the then Mysore King, whose suzerainty he recognises.[92] With him the sovereignty, at least the titular sovereignty, over the Nīlgiris must have passed over to the Mysore Rajas.

We now turn to Bayal-nad. In the beginning of the fifteenth century A.D. it seems to have become part of the Vijayanagar

81 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 78 and 40, in the former of which he is indeed given royal titles.

82 *Ibid.* 40. 83 *V. inf.*

84 *E.g.*, *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 40.

85 *Ep. Car.* IV. Gundlupet, 8.

86 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 52.

87 *Ibid.* 37 and 43. 88 *Ibid.* 26. 89 *Ibid.* 41.

90 Wilks' *Historical Sketches* (Madras Edition), I. 27.

91 *Ibid.*

92 *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 49.

kingdom. An inscription of 1424 refers to the "victorious Bukka Rāya," identified by Mr. Rice[93] with Deva Rāya II.,[94] and says that during his reign when Bayichaya Dandanātha was "the great minister" and Nāganna Vodeyar was the officer of the Hoysala kingdom, one Masanahalli Kampanna Gavuda, "the great lord of Bayi-nad," made a grant of a village "within his Bayi-nad," having previously obtained the release of it "at the hands of Nāganna Vodeyar with the permission of the King and the Dannāyaka," for the purpose of maintaining the decorations and offerings of the Gummtanathaswami of Belagula (or Sravana Belgola).[95] The Masanahalli here referred to is probably the Masinigudi of modern times and the Masinikovil[96] of thirty years ago at the foot of Sigur Ghaut. It was apparently at the time of the inscription the seat of the great lord of Bayi-nad, who, it is worthy of note, was a Jain. Another inscription, of about A.D. 1498, says that Tipparasa Ayya, prime minister of Saluva Narasimba Raya, "made a grant of Banur and Hulikal in Baya-nad" for the God Bānesvara that he may "have a secure reign for a thousand years."[97] The same Tipparasa Ayya made in A.D. 1499 another grant of a village to the Brahmans of Sagāre in Baya-nād.[98] This Tipparasa Ayya seems to have had his headquarters at Sivasumudra, near the Kaveri Waterfalls of the same name in Mysore.[99] A third inscription dated A.D. 1522 says Basavappayya, the minister of King Krishna Rāya, made a grant of a village in "Baya-nad-stala" in order that merit might accrue to his sovereign.[100] Yet another inscription of Krishna Rāya's time, dated A.D. 1527, records that Krishna Raya Nayaka, "the right hand of Krishna Deva Maharaya, gave to Madhava Nayaka of Hura in Hukodesime, the village of Masanahalli in Baya-nad-stala together with its hamlet of Devarayapura, free of all imposts, with the rights of full possession (as usual) to be enjoyed by himself, his sons, grandsons, and descendants as long as sun and moon endure."[101] The Masanahalli referred

---

[93] *Ep. Car.* IV. Introd. 24.

[94] Sewell's *Forg. Emp.* p. 65. According to Mr. Sewell Deva Raya II. ruled from A.D. 1419 to A.D. 1444 or 1449.

[95] *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 1.

[96] See *Nilgiri District Manual* (Grigg), p. 413, where the village is referred to as "Masni Kovil."

[97] *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 74.

[98] *Ibid.* 59.

[99] *Ibid.*

[100] *Ibid.* 78.

[101] *Ibid.* 40.

to in this inscription is also the Masinigudi at the foot of the Sigur Ghaut. Its hamlet of Dēvarayapura, referred to in the inscription, is the Dēvarayapatna or Dēvarajapatna mentioned by the early European explorers of the Nīlgiris as the alternative name of Masinigudi.[102] They accordingly called the present Sīgūr or Kalhatti Pass the Dēvarayapatnam Pass.[103] Round about the present village of Masinigudi are numerous ruined villages, sculptured cromlechs and a much defaced inscribed slab. The place appears to have got its name of Dēvarayapura from King Krishna Dēva Raya, whose minister granted it, in his name, to Madhava Nayak of Kotesime. Two points may be noted here. First, Masinigudi, with the other places on the plains to the west, was, during the time of Krishna Raya, included in Baya-nad. The greater portion of the present Heggadadevankote Taluk in the Mysore State, contiguous with the Nīlgiri District in its north-western part, where the inscriptions above referred to are found, was part of old Baya-nad and long treated as such.[104] Secondly, the forms Baya-nad and Bayi-nad had already come into use during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, displacing the older Bayal-nad. Our own Wynaad and Wainad are only variants of these forms.

During the time of Krishna Raya's successor, Achyuta Raya, Baya-nad continued under him. His agent in these parts was Simmana Nayaka, who is mentioned in two inscriptions of the year A.D. 1530 as making grants of villages to Madhava Nayak of Kotesime.[105] Until A.D. 1610, when Raja Wodeyar drove out Tirumala, the Vijayanagar agent, from Seringapatam, it appears to have formed part of that kingdom. With that expulsion and the formal granting of the Ummattūr country and Seringapatam by the then nominal Vijayanagar King Venkatapati Deva Raya, in A.D. 1612, to Raja Wodeyar, the Vijayanagar rule was practically at an end in these parts.[106] Heggadadevankote itself was taken by Chama Raja Wodeyar, the grandson of Raja Wodeyar, in 1624.[107] This meant the extension of the rule of

[102] See W. Key's *Topographical Description of the Nilgiri Mountains* (1812), printed in the old *Nilgiri District Manual* (Grigg), Appendix, p. xlviii. Also, Ward's *Survey Memoir of the Nilgiri Mountains* (1821), included in the same, Appendix, lx and lxvii.

[103] *Ibid.*

[104] Mr. Rice in *Ep. Car.* Introd. pp. 3 and 18.

[105] *Ep. Car.* IV. Heggadadevankote, 37 and 43.

[106] *Ibid.* Heggadadevankote, 37 and 43.

[107] *Ep. Car.* III. Tirumakudla-Narasipur, 62.

the Mysore Rajas thenceforwards into what is now the Wainad portion of the present Nīlgiri District.

C. HAYAVADANA RAO.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE death of Leopold II., the King of the Belgians, removes a notable figure from the life of the world. *Requiescat in pace* are the words we would fain use of a departed king; but in the present case it is hardly possible to utter them without reserve. As King of the Belgians, the world will have little fault to find with the deceased monarch; he played his part as a constitutional king well. But he was a capitalist and a financier as well as a prince, and his financial exploits have been unworthy. As the promoter and responsible head of the Congo Free State he abused his high position, and exploited the religious and philanthropic sentiments of Europe for sordid ends. How far he was directly answerable for the atrocities of Congo misrule is uncertain; but it cannot be doubted that he tolerated and acquiesced in transactions as discreditable to all concerned as they were lucrative to him. Domestic unhappiness and strife cast a further shadow over his life. The world can hardly mourn the close of a life so inglorious, unless it be at the thought of the great things unachieved. Indeed to many it brings a gleam of hope that something may now be done to stem the iniquity of the Congo, and make the State, what it ought to have been from the first, the means of enlightenment and progress for the races of Africa.

WE cordially approve the proposal for the establishment of an Oriental Institute, more particularly devoted to the study of Indian languages, in London. It is in every way desirable that the Englishmen who come out to take their part in the life of India should be encouraged to acquaint themselves with the language and literature of the peoples amongst whom their life is to be lived. There will be some difficulty in determining the lines along which such studies are to be pursued, and in keeping the balance between the scholastic and archaeological interest on the one hand and the practical requirements of official life and administration on the other. In addition to facilitating the acquisition of the vernaculars by prospective Anglo-Indians, such an institution might very well become a centre for diffusing a greater knowledge of India and Indian affairs among the people of

England; this is one of the arguments for placing it in London. It is perhaps, a commentary on the prevailing ignorance that the advocates of the proposed foundation make little or no reference to the existence of the Indian Institute at Oxford, which aims at the same ends. We trust that if the project is carried to fulfilment, the benefits of the Institute will not be confined to the members of His Majesty's various services in India, but that it will be given the widest possible scope for the encouragement of a thorough study of the languages, life and thought of India.

ATTENTIVE observers of current Indian affairs can hardly fail to be struck by the increasing prominence recently given to the problem of the "Untouchables," and by the growing desire among the more favoured classes of the Indian peoples to do something for their uplifting. The December number of the *Indian Review* opens with an article on the subject by H. H. the Gaekwar of Baroda. As might be expected from His Highness' previous speeches and writings, it is a candid and outspoken plea for progress. If India is to justify her insistent demands for political emancipation, she must at all costs get rid of the barriers that divide her children and hinder national unity. That means, in the long run, the sweeping away of caste; immediately, and most urgently, it means the abandonment of those customs, practices, and theories by which a sixth of the population of the country are kept in a state of ignorance, squalor, and isolation. In his attack on the existing evil, His Highness does not hesitate to condemn the supposed "religious" necessity of maintaining it; and he makes short work of the artificial theories by which it has been bolstered up. "The religion which commands the trampling down of millions of our fellows into perpetual ignorance, and consequent vice, disease and misery, is a false one." It is now axiomatic to the Gaekwar, as to many other educated Indians, that all men are naturally equal; and he generously recognises that it is from "foreign education and contact with Western thought" that "the wider ideals" of the awakening life of India have been derived.

WHILE no country exhibits the phenomenon in so acute a form as the case of the Indian *Untouchables*, there are many analogous instances which help us to understand the mischief and the remedy. "Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad" represents the mental attitude of very many besides Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." It is not difficult to set up a plausible defence of this attitude. In the case of the depressed classes

in India, it is abundantly apparent that there are many things about them naturally abhorrent to the cultured and educated; even without the sanction of a supposed contamination, most of us would prefer to avoid contact with them. When their general level of ignorance is thrown into the scale, together with the moral degradation unfortunately typical of such classes, it is very easy to slide into the conclusion that they are unfit for intercourse with those who are in so many ways so obviously their superiors. Motives of self-interest second this conclusion. If the lower orders are to be raised, who will then do the work which can now be conveniently left to them? No man is naturally anxious to sacrifice his privileges, to throw open the advantages he enjoys to all comers, and to undertake his share of the unpleasant tasks of life—though that would seem to be the logical outcome of the equality of man. And so men cling to the comfortable doctrine that the degraded must be left to their degradation, because they are unfit for anything better. Our answer to this is not denial, but qualification, definition. That the sum of individuals as they are cannot be regarded as anything but loathsome may be true; but are they finally and potentially capable of nothing better? It is here that the specious arguments for quiescence break down. Circumstances, environment, have dragged and held them down: change their circumstances, improve their environment, and there is reason to believe they may be uplifted. Educate them; open fresh activities and occupations to them; treat them as capable of advance, and of sharing the life you enjoy yourself, and you will find that the specific elements in their untouchableness—their ignorance, coarseness, and personal repulsiveness—vanish; and when the practical untouchableness is removed, the theoretical need not hinder us. The vital question is just this: are our own will, our own efforts and sympathies, bent to their uplifting; or are they thrown (by our indifference, if not by active opposition) into the scale with the forces that will keep them as they are?

THE Hindu theory of untouchableness is especially open to criticism (as the Gaekwar's remarks and many recent discussions by Hindu writers and speakers show) because it places the emphasis so largely on the physical. The underlying idea of sanctity is too external and mechanical to satisfy the reason and conscience of man; and the best elements in Hinduism in the past, and noticeably in the present, have rebelled against it. But the revolt does not yet go far enough. Even if you reject the physical test, or frankly treat it only as an approximate guide to the moral, we demur to the stigma of untouchableness. While it may be true enough that certain classes are shown by experience to

be likely to prove morally corrupt, it does not follow that all contact with them is to be avoided. Evil is certainly infectious. If you wish to retain and practise goodness, it is wise to consort with the virtuous rather than with the vicious. Proverbial philosophy teems with evidence of the power of association and companionship to impair or to foster purity and uprightness of life. But fear for the corruption of our own virtue will lead only to the ideal of the recluse. Society will be sharply divided into a community of good men, nervously guarding their character from infection, and a hopeless mass of the depraved, abandoned to mutual degradation. Such a result may suffice for the pessimist, but for our part we scout it. What the world wants is a goodness too pure, too strong, to fear the contact of evil. Goodness, no less than evil, must be infectious. Instead of abandoning the wicked to final corruption, the true "saints" of the world should be active in the midst of its life to spread the leaven of righteousness, to counteract the downward pull of evil, and to quicken every impulse and effort after good. India, too, needs this victorious and positive sanctity, able not simply to keep itself untainted by evil, but to conquer evil and reclaim those who have been under its dominion. This is the sanctity which Jesus Christ came to impart. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." He teaches men no way of hermit-solitude or detachment, but the way of life-giving and redemptive goodness. "Ye are the salt of the earth." It is no accident that the Christians have led the way in reclaiming and uplifting the "untouchables"—a fact which we are glad to find so cordially acknowledged by the Gaekwar and other leaders of this movement among the Hindus. Christian missions to depressed classes all the world over are the natural and appropriate fruit of the teaching of Jesus, the manifestation of the work of His Spirit. And if the new missions projected are to share their success, they must learn to share the faith of Him Who came "to seek and to save the lost."

LITERARY NOTICES AND NOTES.

England and the English from an American Point of View. By Price Collier. London; Duckworth & Co.; 1909. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS book deserves attention, as a careful study of English life and institutions at the present day, made by a writer of considerable insight and analytical power, with singularly little prejudice to warp

his judgment. For Englishmen and Americans especially it has value, from the freedom with which the writer compares the phenomena in their respective countries. The aim of these comparisons is chiefly to help the American reader to appreciate the facts in regard to England; they have the further merit that more than many books specifically devoted to the purpose they help the Englishman to understand America. The book is pervaded by humour, not exclusively "American" in quality, and will give the reader many a hearty laugh. But the humour is only one aspect of a very real insight into the subject dealt with. The average Englishman will be irritated by many of the criticisms; but their candour is the mark of friendship, and is accompanied by a welcome and unequivocal admiration of England and English life which should convince the reader that there is neither rancour nor envy at the root when the writer speaks of faults.

With all his jests, Mr. Price Collier has evidently a serious aim. No author who simply wished to write a readable book would load his pages with the facts and statistics which accompany his analysis of English life and history and politics. Closely and carefully as he investigates his subject, we feel there are some things he has missed: *e.g.*, we cannot resist the sense that he overstates the subordination of women to men in England. It is, no doubt, true that the English world is prevailingly a man's world; it is not true that the men wear "all the brave plumage." In the typical English home, the women (of necessity) spend more on dress than the men. But in general his observation is just, his conclusions sound; and to all who are interested in England the book may be commended.

Nor must it be thought that his comparisons of England and America are all in favour of the latter. He is as frank towards his own countrymen as towards the English, and his condemnation of "rattling" as compared with English standards of sport, his words of praise for the strength and repose of English life, and our superior "staying power," are examples of openmindedness which are unhappily all too rare. There is discrimination, too, in his estimate of the relations of the two countries. He loves both, and feels that they have much to teach each other; but he is aware that they do not regard each other very cordially. "We all know," he writes, "that America does not like England, and that Americans do not like the English, but no intelligent American, no American indeed whose opinion is worth a fig, would rejoice to see this nation, which has taught the nations of the world the greatest lesson since Christianity, and that is the lesson of law, and order, and liberty, lose her grip."

The English devotion to law, the English regard for liberty, is

one of the features which evoke Mr. Collier's warmest admiration. In his "First Impressions," at the beginning of the book, he comments with amazement on the orderliness of the casual London crowd, which he contrasts very forcibly with similar crowds in France or America; and in the later chapters (*e.g.*, that on "An English Country Town") the judgment is reaffirmed. A whole chapter is devoted to "Sport," and we have already indicated his appreciation of what it means in the national life. In this connexion we may notice another of the writer's discriminating judgments. He sees how characteristic it is of English life that men of all ages consort together—notably over their sports—and the manly tone this gives to English boys. One is reminded, in reading, of such a very English poem as Mr. Newbolt's "Play up, play up, and play the game." That the English are men of action—the pertinent, insistent question about a new man is always, What has he done?—that for this very reason they have produced a greater literature than other nations of greater literary ambitions, "the greatest literature since the days of Greece," are facts which have impressed Mr. Collier. We have not space to deal at length with all his tributes of respect; but it would not be right to leave this point without a recognition of his enthusiastic, but eminently sane and discriminating, admiration for the King. Many of our public men, too, are assessed with a remarkable combination of insight and generosity.

Features in English life which cause Mr. Collier misgiving are the growing tendency towards socialism (evidently, in his eyes, anathema), the parochialism which hinders us from seeing our own faults and our own dangers, and the disposition to shelve all difficulties, to push too far the national genius for compromise, and ruinously to postpone the settlement of our accounts. Many Englishmen will concur in his view that it is not enough to trade on the success of the past, that new methods, and it may be new sacrifices, are required by the keener competition of the present and the future. But if only the nation can so far rise superior to their insular self-sufficiency as to appreciate their danger, he has little fear that their spirit and temper will not be equal to all that is demanded of them. There is a large class in England (the late Duke of Devonshire is cited as a conspicuous example) who "do the work of England because they consider it a duty. When England arrives at her Pass at Thermopylæ, this large class will have to be reckoned with, and I venture to prophesy that there will not be even one left to tell the news, if things go against them." The man who can write thus of England has evidently a shrewd sense of the sources and the measure of her strength.

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE of the most popular books of this season will doubtless be *John Stuart Blackie's Letters to His Wife.* Professor Blackie was for many years one of the most picturesque and human personalities in Edinburgh life, and the inner life of one so striking is necessarily full of interest. The book is indeed more than interesting; it is often marked by a rare charm. The Blackies' married life was ideal in its sympathy and fulness of understanding and trust, and the letters cover the long period from 1840 to 1894. We ask again, however, a question often asked already: Is it morally right to give to the world much that was intended for one eye alone? Would even Professor Blackie, who revealed himself in all his eccentricities and oddities as few ever do, have approved of the publication of all his endearments in the letters written to his fiancée? The Editor claims to have omitted certain passages from his love letters. No doubt; but ought he not to have omitted many more? Apart, however, from this the book is full of good things. In the very last letter this sentence occurs, and it is thoroughly characteristic: "The watchwords of age are Endure and Enjoy, the watchwords of youth are Believe and Achieve." There is a breeziness, a sunshine, a joy in living, from beginning to end, that is found in few lives. All through life John Stuart Blackie was a boy, and he must be judged as such.

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who has been visiting India, has just written a book on *Socialism and Government.* It comes at a peculiarly appropriate moment, because the author is a man at present to be reckoned with and socialism is now in the air. The *Times* says that Mr. Macdonald is always interesting when he writes about socialism. because he thinks for himself, and not "what other socialists think." He is by no means an extremist, and Mr. Macdonald's socialism is not far from the liberalism of Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet.

ONE of the most thorough of Polar research books has been given to the world by Von Otto Nordenskjöld. It is not directly a record of Arctic travel, though the writer has been much in both Arctic and Antarctic regions. His object is "to give a description of nature in the Polar world, and to show how the great underlying factor, the factor of climate, has conditioned the geology, the flora, the fauna and the scanty human population of these regions." He has succeeded in condensing into one volume a description of the characteristic phenomena of life and nature in the Polar regions.

MR. MURRAY is about to publish a *Life of Lady Hester Stanhope*, by Mrs. Charles Roundell, based on *Lady Hester's Memoirs and Travels*, published in six volumes by her physician in 1846. Few more eccentric characters have lived than Lady Hester Stanhope, as readers of Kinglake's *Eothen* will doubtless remember.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN is one of the wonders of the day. He is now in his seventy-first year and has written an extremely long novel, entitled *It Can Never Happen Again*. Mr. de Morgan began to write when he was already an old man, and his novels have attained a very widespread popularity and admiration. The present work will in all probability only add to an appreciation already deep.

THE first volume of the new edition of *John Wesley's Journal*—the first of six—has just been issued under the editorship of Mr. Nehemiah Curnock. It is an epoch-making work, and has been accomplished after immense effort. The present volume contains an account of Wesley's earliest diary, covering the years 1725 to 1727, written largely in a cypher which it took Mr. Curnock years of investigation to resolve. It then gives his journal from 1735 to 1738. This latter contains his love story in Georgia, where he was thrown much into the company of Miss Sophy Hopkey. Mr. Curnock edits the *Journal* with elaborate notes, which must leave little to be added.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A MEMOIR on the spectrum of sunspots by Mr. Evershed, of Kodaikanal Observatory, has just been published. The section dealing with radial motion in spots is of special interest as giving the latest information on this subject. In the Bulletin in which Mr. Evershed intimated the discovery of radial motion the evidence up to the end of January, 1909, was given. Since then every spot which has appeared has been found to show this motion. "The motion of matter in the penumbrae," says Mr. Evershed, "manifests itself by a very obvious displacement of practically all the absorption lines in the spectrum when the spot is not less than 15 degrees distant from the centre of the sun's disc, and is bisected by the slit of the spectroscope in a direction passing through the centre of the disc. Under these conditions the lines crossing the spot band appear quite straight but inclined more or less to the direction of the undisplaced lines of the photosphere. The inclination is always towards the violet on the side of the spot

nearest the centre of the disc, and towards the red on the side nearest the limb."

MR. EVERSHED states that in the spots recently examined he finds that the outward radial movement is in all probability confined to the reversing layer, and may even differ materially in different levels in that layer. The gases of the highor chromosphere do not share in the movement, calcium appears in fact to be imbued with a contrary tendency. In almost all the photographs hitherto taken of the H and K region of the spot spectrum, the central absorption lines of H and K are found to be slightly inclined in a direction opposite to that of all the other absorption lines. That is, the displacement is towards the red on the side of the spot nearest the centre of the disc, and towards the violet on the side towards the limb, indicating therefore an indraught of calcium vapour at high levels. Spots situated within 10 degrees of the centre of the disc show no displacements, but outside this limit the displacements increase in amount with distance from the centre. Near the limb, however, they are difficult to observe, the penumbrae being often hidden by banked-up faculae and always very much foreshortened in the direction of the centre of the disc. Atmospheric tremors therefore greatly reduce the apparent displacements by superposing photospheric light on the spectrum of the penumbrae.

THE discovery by Professor Hale of the Zeeman effect in the spot spectrum seems to require a vortex or circular motion of the gases in a sunspot to account for the magnetic field which this effect indicates. Now Mr. Evershed has found that some spectra afford distinct evidence of a slow rotation, amounting to about 0.25 km. per sec. at the outer edges of the penumbra, but decreasing towards the umbra, where the line displacements become too small for detection. He accordingly considers it probable that the gases in sunspots are not moving outwards in straight lines, but in curved spirals. The direction of rotation observed in a southern spot was clockwise, and in a northern spot it was reversed. These directions agree with the movements indicated by the spiral stream lines shown in Professor Hale's photograph of 9th September, 1908, assuming that the hydrogen in the higher chromosphere flows inward towards the spot centre, as seems certainly to be the case with calcium vapour. The motion in sunspots is thus somewhat like that in cyclones in the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere, where there is a spiral outflow corresponding to the spiral inflow at the earth's surface.

In order to get further information regarding the effect of high pressure on the body, Dr. Leonard Hill has been carrying out experiments at the London Hospital with a boiler-like chamber into which air could be pumped by an engine. For eight or ten hours an assistant would lie on his back in the chamber while the pressure was gradually increased to 50 or 60 lbs. per square inch, and communicate his symptoms to Dr. Hill by telephone. Dr. Hill has elucidated by these experiments that nitrogen is the deleterious factor in the air, and that it is absorbed five times faster by the fat than by any other tissue in the body. Stout men are consequently peculiarly unsuited to act as divers, workers in caissons, etc., for their liability to absorb nitrogen with undue rapidity makes them fall ready victims to heat and circulatory troubles.

Workmen engaged in sinking caissons are liable to serious danger owing to the high air pressure to which they are exposed. The effect of the high air pressure is to charge the body with air, and this, if the pressure is suddenly removed, expands in bubbles and tends to stop the circulation and heart action by frothing. Mr. E. W. Moir finds that if a man suffering from caisson disease is subjected to recompression and then slowly decompressed a cure is usually effected. In the East River Tunnel works, New York, the workmen are made to pass from the high pressure (which sometimes reaches 40 lbs. per square inch) very slowly, so that 48 minutes elapse while the pressure is falling, and it is stated that no severe cases of caisson disease have occurred.

A notable feature of the recent aeroplane exhibitions was the use of the Gnome motor by Farman and Paulhan in their biplane machines. This is a seven cylinder rotary motor rated at 50 h. p. which has proved to be remarkably reliable. The rotating mass of the motor, also, contributes something to the stability of the aeroplane, for the propeller, which is of wood, weighs but little compared with the seven cylinders, casing and valves which rotate with it. Another very fine motor is the Antoinette, used by Latham, which has eight cylinders, and is also rated at 50 h. p. It is said to give a pull of 250 pounds weight, with a 7 ft. propeller making 1,200 revolutions per minute. Still, even with the best of these motors, there is but little reserve power at the disposal of the aviator, and the utmost that cylinder capacity and high compression can do is expected from the moment that he starts until he cuts off the ignition and glides back to the earth. This is a serious matter, because if the engine, through misfiring in one cylinder or other

cause, should drop in speed even five per cent. it would mean some ten per cent. reduction in pull.

RECENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE November number opens with a continuation of Lord Courtney's article, *Peace or War*. In the October number Lord Courtney dealt with the circumstances that led up to the Franco-German War, with the history of England's relations with France since Waterloo, and with the history of her relations with the United States from the latter part of the eighteenth century, for the purpose of establishing and illustrating two propositions, *viz.*, (1) Every war that has actually occurred has been inevitable, and (2) War should never be regarded as inevitable until it actually breaks out. In the present instalment of his article he deals with England's relations with Germany for the purpose of showing that in spite of a certain amount of jealousy and suspicion on both sides there is no good ground for believing that war between these two nations is inevitable.

The attitude of Englishmen to Germany, Lord Courtney says, is a curious mixture of respect, jealousy, and fear. They respect her strength; they are somewhat jealous of her overweening sufficiency; and they are a little afraid of the challenge which this sufficiency might provoke. Lord Courtney believes that just as England's relations with the great American Republic have attained to the condition of a mutual respect, void of jealousy and free from alarms, there is nothing to prevent an equally successful co-operation of German and British rulers and leaders of opinion in cherishing and deepening feelings of personal friendship or even of consanguinity between the two peoples. But how, it may be asked, can England be more friendly to Germany than she has been? In the first place, Lord Courtney says, a better appreciation of the reciprocal advantages of trade would lessen her jealousy of the increase of the material resources of Germany. Secondly, she should recognise that Germany's desire to have a strong navy is very natural in view of the great development of her mercantile marine, and that her own persistent adherence to the right to capture an enemy's inoffensive commerce in time of war is in itself some justification for Germany's desire. She must be prepared, Lord Courtney says, to give up this right. In the third place, England must cease to talk about the maintenance of the

two-power standard. She has a right to security but no right to supremacy against all comers. The claim to exclusive mastery of the seas is vain in its spirit as it is in disregard of inevitable facts, and it must be repudiated, says Lord Courtney, by all who entertain any conception of the growth of a family of nations. The movement of life, he says, is away from it.

We are accustomed to naval cooperation with other Powers in policing the seas and in keeping the peace against possible action of disturbing States. We have recognised the principle of neutralised waters, where ships of war can be tolerated only in making innocent passages. We may contemplate the assignment of particular seas to the surveillance of particular Powers or combinations of Powers. In these and other fashions, some already approved in principle, security can be realised on the basis of mutual interests, and the imagination may be allowed to move forward to the conception of something like oceanic citizenship. The future that cannot be regarded as possible is the perpetual maintenance of the supremacy of any one Power.

Lord Courtney does not believe, and he thinks that no man on a front bench in either House of Parliament believes, that Germany entertains any design to act as a thief in the night. There is no ground, he says, for supposing that she has any intention of seizing a British Colony. As to the possibility of Holland's becoming part of the German Empire, he thinks a union into which both nations would voluntarily enter could not be resented by England except through motives of jealousy which she could scarcely avow, but he regards this matter as at present outside the region of practical politics. His conclusion is that a severe and even cold examination of the relations between England and Germany serves to show that there is no danger which a frank, honest, good-natured diplomacy, based on a ready acceptance of inevitable facts, could not remove.

INDIAN readers of the *Contemporary* will probably turn first to Sir Andrew Fraser's article on *The Situation in India.* They will do so with the assurance that the situation will be presented in a truthful and sympathetic manner. It is indeed a great thing for this country that a man with Sir Andrew's experience of India and his qualities of head and heart should come forward to enlighten the English public at such a time as the present. Sir Andrew Fraser says it is well that his countrymen should be made aware of the grave conditions with which the Government of India have recently had to deal, but it is not to the interest of India, he says, that their attention should be drawn to that country by crimes characterized by cruelty and ungrateful folly. This would tend to breed suspicion of and contempt for the Indian peoples; and it is to the credit of English-

men, Sir Andrew Fraser says, that their justice and common sense have overcome this tendency and that there has been so little of harsh generalisation and unjust judgment. He thinks it is largely due to Lord Morley's influence, and to the confidence reposed in him, that the English public and press have abstained from any exhibition of a bitter or unfriendly spirit.

Sir Andrew Fraser has to admit that there has been violent and reckless agitation in India, and that it has produced most deplorable results. These results, he says, are perhaps more serious than they might have been, partly owing to the reluctance of the Government of India and the Secretary of State to interfere with the liberty of the press, and still more on account of their desire to prove the inadequacy of existing methods for preserving the peace before introducing new methods. This attitude, he says, is entitled to the respect and sympathy of all right-thinking men. And though all may not yet have been done that some who are entitled to be heard consider necessary, it cannot surely be denied, he says, that Lord Morley and the Government of India have shown that, when the necessity has been established, they will not shrink from taking the requisite action to preserve the peace. They recognise this, Sir Andrew Fraser says, as the paramount duty and responsibility of the rulers of India : and they have put suitable weapons into the hands of their officers and encouraged them to use them as necessity demands.

While, as we have said, Sir Andrew Fraser admits the gravity of the situation, he strongly deprecates exaggeration of it. He thinks that the extent of the unrest and disaffection is distinctly limited, and that the country generally is loyal. At the same time he sees that the agitators do not all intend to cease from their efforts and that the danger is not past. The boycott movement, he says, is responsible for much of the existing bitterness of race feeling; and in so far as it is an attempt to interfere by violence and coercion with the liberty of individuals to buy what they choose in the market which they select, it must be suppressed with determination. The general policy to be pursued by the Government he sums up as follows:—

The wise and generous policy of the past must not be reversed. The outcry against higher education in certain quarters must be resisted : education may be, ought to be, improved, but cannot be denied to India without a complete sacrifice of the *great objects of our rule*. The objections to reform are also, though natural, entirely unsound : the progressive policy of the Government must be maintained. Above all, the needs of the great mass of the community, and especially of the backward races, must not be forgotten owing to the noisy demonstrations of the few : we govern India in the interests not of one class but of the whole community. If the Government is unmoved by agitation, and goes resolutely and sympathetically

on its way towards progress, and at the same time exhibits firmness in the repression of disorder and of the tyranny of a lawless minority, it will carry with it the support and confidence of the people generally. There is no reason to fear for the future.

Everyone, European and Indian, who is acquainted with the present condition of the country and is prepared to admit the true significance of recent events will allow that this is an accurate summing up of the situation and a correct enunciation of the policy by which the Government should be guided in dealing with it. The instruments available for carrying out this policy are unfortunately not all so gifted or so sympathetic as Sir Andrew Fraser; but even an imperfect attempt to carry it out may be attended with success if the efforts of the Government meet with a willing response from the people, and more particularly from those who by education have been fitted to become intermediaries between the Government and the masses. The situation is distinctly one in which it must be realised by all who have it in their power to help that those who are not for the Government in such measures as they may devise for the welfare of India are against them. It is perhaps not altogether unnecessary to say that the Government on their part might be more generous than they have sometimes been in acknowledging the services of those from whom they receive real and disinterested assistance.

THE Literary Supplement contains a short article on a volume of tales in verse by Mr. Herbert Sherring, who has drawn his inspiration from Rajput history. Mr. Sherring's conception of blank verse, the writer says, is all his own and very different from that of other poets, but his stories are of the first rank. 'His pictures are clear cut, and yet retain the lights and shades of atmosphere; he has that mysterious gift, the power of characterisation; he has a perfectly sound appreciation of the meaning of tragedy; above all things he has speed and an acute sense of reality.'

PROFESSOR DOWDEN deals with the question of Shakespeare's self-revelation, with particular reference to a paper by Dr. Sidney Lee entitled *The Impersonal Aspect of Shakespeare's Art*. In opposition to Dr. Lee, Professor Dowden maintains that a very clear portrait of Shakespeare may be drawn from his works.

AMONG other articles we may mention *M. Loisy's View of the Resurrection*, by Mr. C.W. Emmet; *Socialism and Human Nature*, by Mr. Amber Reeves; and *The Social Position of the Maoris*, by Mabel Holmes.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

OF all the miscellaneous papers which go to make up an unusually interesting issue perhaps the most important is that by the Hon. Edward Feilding on *Recent Experiments in the 'Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism.'* Considered in one aspect it doubtless seems absurd to estimate careful discussions of problems of literature, education, public finance, politics and national defence as deserving a lesser share of attention than a tale of puerile marvels. For table-lifting, the passage of material objects through the air, the appearance of hands from nowhere, etc., are not raised to a dignity above that of conjuring tricks by the mere invisibility of the conjuror. Let the agency be some supernormal faculty of the 'medium' or even a discarnate intelligence, still the phenomena remain puerile to the last degree. Yet in spite of their intrinsic triviality, the alleged fact of their occurrence must rank as a matter of the first importance. For consider the intellectual situation. On one side we have physical science with its sweeping generalisations as to the conservation of energy and a self-dependent, all-pervasive mechanical order. Over against it we have the Christian religion—supported in varying degree by other religions—with its belief in prayer and miracle, a belief which simply cannot be true unless the physicist's generalisations have been over-hasty. On the side of religion we have Idealistic philosophy with its bold assertion that the material cannot be independent of the spiritual, but at the same time with its timid tendency to destroy the religious value of this assertion by etherealising the dependence into an affair of meaning and not of efficient control. If we want an Idealism which will be something more than the varnishing of a mechanical order with the gloss of a pre-established harmony with a spiritual Ultimate, we must have facts which will challenge the generalisations of physical science. In the realm of the organic the facts are to hand already in considerable abundance. Faith-cures and the therapeutic effects of post-hypnotic suggestion are, as actual occurrences, beyond the reach of cavil. But their impressiveness is discounted by the dominant makeshift hypothesis of 'psycho-physical parallelism.' But now, if Mr. Feilding and his colleagues have succeeded in rightly observing and reporting what they saw, we have facts in the realm of the inorganic—facts radically inconsistent with dominant scientific conceptions.

IT will be objected that allegations of the occurrence of facts of this kind are nothing new and in the light of past experience merit a most sceptical reception; but the curious thing is that this very circumstance is what gives to the present testimony its peculiar weight. The

medium" is one whose past record is fit to make credulity itself suspicious. The investigators are men selected for their practical acquaintance with the tricks of conjurors in general and of "mediums" in particular and for their pronounced sceptical bias. And yet the result has been conviction! First, as to the "medium." She is an Italian, of peasant extraction, unable to read, or to write more than her own signature. Eusapia—for that is her name—has been for more than fifteen years the subject of frequent psychical experiments, often at the hands of eminent scientific men. But what we desire to lay stress on is the fact that when the Society for Psychical Research invited her to Cambridge in 1895, the result of a series of séances was the detection of elaborate fraud. 'Eusapia cheated, not once or twice, but apparently continuously and deliberately,' her favourite trick being the substitution of hands or of feet, although she has also occasionally been 'detected in other tricks, such as moving objects by means of hairs, pins or nails.' She interposed 'so many difficulties in the way of reasonable control that the observers ultimately abandoned any attempt at effective control whatever, and, in order to study further the methods already detected, allowed her opportunities for cheating, of which opportunities she took the fullest advantage.' It is only fair to say that this Cambridge series of experiments is the only one of importance where the results obtained have been wholly adverse to this medium's claim to a supernormal power affecting matter. Indeed, it is the continued experiments made with her by European savants of the first rank which have at last led the S. P. R. to reopen the investigation of her case. But the point we are now urging is that the Cambridge results are sufficient to have made even the most credulous of that Society approach the new investigation in a sceptical spirit and with every precaution against fraud which experience and ingenuity could suggest. How much more must this have been the case with investigators of the calibre of those selected for the responsible task!

FOR who were they? One was Mr. Carrington, 'a man who besides having made conjuring a pursuit (though not a profession) for many years, had for some time conducted investigations for the American Society for Psychical Research, and after a pretty exhaustive examination of most of the physical "mediums" in America, had written, to their very great annoyance and confusion, articles in the *Journal* of that Society showing how they did their tricks, as well as a large book on the *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism* . . in which he gave his opinion that so far as he had seen there were no such phenomena.' Mr. Baggally, the second of the three selected investi-

gators, 'though also not a professional conjuror, had made a considerable practice of the art with special reference to the conjuring of "spiritualism," and as a result of the investigation of practically every medium that had appeared on the spiritualist horizon for the last thirty years, had come to the same conclusion as Mr. Carrington.' The third of the trio was Mr. Feilding himself, Hon. Secretary, S.P.R., who may be allowed to describe his own character. 'As for myself, though not a conjuror, either professional or amateur, I had had a fairly complete education at the hands of fraudulent mediums, my unbroken experience of whom had led me into an attitude of entire scepticism as regards the probability of ever finding anything worth serious examination, and, I regret to say, into such a habit of flippancy of mind, or at all events of utterance, concerning these things, as to have evoked censure, both public and private, from inquirers of a more sober temperament.'

SUCH were the three men chosen to reinvestigate Eusapia's powers. They had every incentive to be on the watch against fraud. They had had an ideal training in the art of detecting it. They had all the conditions of the experiments in their own control. And what is the result? A 'firm conviction that for some of the phenomena, including some of the more remarkable ones, [they] obtained evidence of unimpeachable validity. Further, that though a considerable portion of the manifestations, taken by themselves, must be regarded as non-evidential, [they] had no definite proof of the fraudulent production of any one of them.' As to the manifestations themselves, we have space to give only one or two illustrations from Mr. Feilding's brief account. Since they sometimes occurred so rapidly, at the rate of several a minute, that the dictation of one to the shorthand reporter was constantly interrupted by the occurrence of another, full details can be looked for only in the forthcoming official report. The séances took place in Mr. Feilding's bed-room on the fifth floor of a hotel. At Eusapia's request the investigators had hung across a corner of the room two thin black curtains forming a triangular recess about three feet deep in the middle and had placed within it a small round tea-table and a few toys purchased by themselves. The medium took her seat outside the curtain at another table, with one of the investigators on either side holding her hands and controlling her feet, while sometimes a third was under the table holding her feet to prevent imposture still more effectively. Such were the general conditions under which the phenomena went forward, but they by no means exhaust the precautions taken. We need not linger over anything so commonplace as the crazy antics of the table at which the medium

sat. But one is hardly prepared for the gymnastic feats of the first table behind the curtain; for its passing the curtain and landing on the other table horizontally (*i.e.*, with its legs pointing to the corner from which it had come); for its attempts to climb wholly on to this table, in which endeavour, however, on every occasion it failed. Grasps through the curtain by hands were another frequent manifestation, sometimes felt, sometimes seen. 'They generally, though not always, appeared between the parting of the curtains, over Eusapia's head. They were of different appearance, sometimes of a dead, paper white, sometimes of a natural colour.' On one occasion a hand was seen to come out from the side of the curtain, and it seized Mr. Baggally and pulled him so hard as almost to upset him off his chair.' Mr. Feilding refers his readers to the forthcoming official report for a discussion of the obvious objection that the investigators must have been victims of a concurrent and concordant hallucination, but records his conviction that to admit such an objection in this case would be equivalent, in the circumstances, to cutting 'at the root of the value of all human testimony upon any subject whatever.'

If the immense issues connected with the question of the authentic nature of these grotesque manifestations lead any of our readers to consult Mr. Feilding's article for themselves, they will do well not to lay the periodical aside until they have made themselves acquainted with some of its other contents. Under the title of *The Fallacy of the Elder Brother* Mr. Mayor discusses most instructively the attitude which the schoolmaster should adopt towards his pupils, but his article is more important to British than to Indian readers. The same is true of Lady Cox's *Twenty-one Years with our Indian Fellow-Subjects.* On the other hand M. Beaunier's *Contemporary Politics in France* gives a sharply defined analysis of a situation of universal interest. The case of Francisco Ferrer, whose recent execution in Spain caused such an outcry, has already been touched on in our pages. M. Alfred Naquet's *Confidential Friend's Testimony* certainly increases the presumption of Ferrer's innocence. Lord Avebury and Mr. Mallock make damaging onslaughts on the British Budget. Other articles of interest are *A Tenth Century Dramatist: Roswitha the Nun*, by Mrs. Kemp-Welch; *Dante's Self-Portraiture*, by Bishop Welldon, and *The Virtuosi*, by Mr. Pearson.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE November issue is anything but dull, for there are remarkable articles on all the various subjects of which the Review takes account. After the *Review of Events*, in which

the paragraph upon recent developments in China is specially noteworthy, there comes from the pen of a mysterious writer whose sources of information seem to be almost superhuman, another of those strange revelations of diplomatic goings on in which Count von Aehrenthal and M. Izvolsky are discussed from a new standpoint. Then comes an interesting series of sketches of those who have taken a prominent part in the Parliament of this Session. The paper by Mr. W. S. Lilly entitled *Eyes and No-eyes* gives a calm and masterly explanation of the social question from a non-party but thoroughly statesmanlike point of view. Mr. Alan Mackinnon sketches the rise and development of the Oxford University Dramatic Society and Dr. P. H. P. Steensby writes about Polar Eskimos and Polar Expeditions. Mr. G. M. Godden with the assistance of some unpublished letters and records contributes a warm appreciation of Henry Fielding as a man and as an author. A long answer by Mr. E.V. Heward to the question, *What Are Comets and Meteors ?* completes with the articles referred to more at length the table of contents.

MR. SIDNEY BROOKS gives an interesting account of American politics with *Eight Months of President Taft* as title. The comparison between the present and the late occupant of the White House is full of interest. While Mr. Roosevelt is described as having used sledge-hammer methods, Mr. Taft though adhering in the main to the policy of his predecessor has a quiet, tactful, but strong and equally if not more effective method of overcoming opposition. Mr. Brooks sums up the qualities of the President of the United States thus :—'He has a reflective, probing, disentangling mind ; he is strong, cautious and serene ; his mountainous geniality makes innumerable friends and no enemies ; he is almost startlingly unprovocative ; his gift of lubricating sagacity is precisely the gift most likely to ensure harmony between the White House and the Congress and he is thoroughly experienced in the work of administration.' Such is the character, as depicted by the reviewer, of the individual who is faced with those enormous problems at some of which the world is looking on with special concern. The race friction in the South, the Tariff Reform operations, the relation of the several States to the central authority, and finally the great struggle between the monied interest and the public interest inaugurated by President Roosevelt—all these make the character and capacity of his successor matters of more than ordinary moment.

Two Historians of the Eighteenth Century, by Mr. H. D. Roome, is the announcement on the contents page which draws attention to an

interesting comparison between Lord Macaulay and Mr. Lecky. Mr. Roome deplores the untimely death of the older writer, whose gifts seem specially suited to the illumination of a century such as the eighteenth and whose project it was to cover the whole of that period. In Mr. Lecky, however, the writer discovers another heaven-born historian of whose qualities he speaks in the highest terms. The discussion gathers interest as Mr. Roome proceeds to illustrate the dramatic genius of Macaulay, which seems to be the one gift lacking to the complete equipment of his successor in the task. The justice of this opinion is illustrated by several parallel passages where momentous incidents are recorded by both the writers in characteristic fashion. Among the incidents chosen are the speech of Pitt against the Peace of Paris and the resignation of the Bute ministry—scenes which the genius of Macaulay illuminates in effective fashion while in Mr. Lecky's account they might almost escape notice. But if he fails to rise to the dramatic heights of Macaulay the later writer never descends from a chaste dignity of language. Macaulay chronicles fact after fact, but his vivid descriptions are never interspersed with generalisations or inductions such as are constantly suggested to the mind of Mr. Lecky, whose critical digressions 'illumine with a sudden gleam the contexts in which they are embedded.' Of Mr. Lecky the critic says—'On these sublime heights of history he has fixed his chosen seat; it is here we see him at ease enthroned in the heart of fastnesses whither no writer can follow.'

It is not easy to deal satisfactorily with the article by Mr. Stead which he has headed *When the Door Opened.* Clearly the easy thing to do is either to dismiss it with a line or denounce the author's irreverent impudence, but to make such a criticism, however great the temptation, is to go beyond the data put before us. Mr. Stead has paid no heed to Mr. Podmore's complaint, from the scientific point of view, about the unsatisfactory method of his procedure. In continuation of his scheme outlined in the May issue of this Review, he proceeds to give reports of communications and conversations for the most part relating to current politics. Disraeli is the most copious communicant, but other prominent characters such as H. George, Charles Bradlaugh, W. E. Forster, Richard Cobden, are reported, while conversations with Palmerston, Gladstone, Salisbury, John Bright and others are at the request of these individuals reserved from publication.

If the entire report is a fabrication then it is a fabrication, of the most elaborate and unjustifiable character, and the reputation of Mr. Stead, even amongst his most ardent supporters, can scarcely recover from

the shock. If it is not a fabrication then an astounding departure has indeed been inaugurated; but as Mr. Stead has reported the matter no scientific conclusion is possible for us, no scientific law has been outraged so far as the data submitted in the article afford means of judging.

Already opinions have been vigorously set forth by those, whose confidence in their instinctive knowledge of possibilities is secure. These critics denounce the whole as a trick, a fabrication. Mr. Stead has certainly secured a reputation for eccentricity, but this is too serious a matter to pass under the toleration extended to the eccentric. Either the reputation, the sympathy, the humanity of one who has never been lacking in these respects is, by his own act deliberately outraged, or—? We hesitate before so grave an alternative.

THERE are two other articles in the Review reserved for notice, the first headed:—*How the Unionists Might Win in the General Election*, and the other called *The Coming Battle*. The first is certainly the most conspicuous instance of that which calls for remark; but the second comes behind only in vigour, the spirit is similar. The first writer has expressions like the following, which occurs in his discussion of Liberalism in Ireland and is one of the strongest but by no means a unique utterance. 'Owing to the character of its supporters, it is in the interests of Liberalism to promote ignorance, sectional strife, envy and hostility to the Union, to crush industry and to destroy capital. Liberalism is distinctly anti-national in character and it flourishes best on the decay which it creates.' Surely, this kind of savage talk will be repudiated by responsible persons whatever their party bias, and might well be dispensed with.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE College term for the Second and Fourth Classes closed on 11th November; for the other Classes, and for the School Department, on 3rd December. The School Department will reopen on 3rd January, and the College on 19th January.

THE Annual celebration of the Madras Christian College Day has been arranged for 29th December. We hope to publish an account of the proceedings in the January number of the *Magazine*.

METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.